THE Heroycall Epiſtles of the Learned Poet Publius Ouidius Naſo, *In Engliſhe Verſe:* ſet out and tranſlated by George Turberuile Gent. wyth Aulus Sabinus anſwveres to certaine of the ſame.

Anno Domini 1569.

¶ IMPRINTED AT London, by Henry Denham.

To the Right Honorable and his Singular good Lord, Lord Tho. Hovvarde Vicount Byndon. &c.

George Turberuile wisheth Nestors yeares, increase of Honor, *with preseruation of desired* health.

RIGHT NOble, indebted to your Honor for a number of vndeserued friendships, and vnable altogither to requite the least of a thousande courteses: sought the meanes howe to acquite mee of some parte thereof. But waying mine owne defaulte,

and conſidering your Honors merits, wox almoſt in vtter diſpaire: vntill at length it repairde to my thought, that it was no greater token of Honor, liberallye to beſtowe vpon other great rewardes, than a proofe of Nobilitie gratefullye to accept at others hãds ſlender gifts according to their habilitie that offred the ſame. Artaxerxes *his good acceptaunce of a handefull of running water, bred me to this boldneſſe to offer your Honor a handful of written Papers: hoping that as he thought no diſdain of the one, ſo you wil not take ſcorne of the other.*

Let

Let me craue this one thing at your Honors handes, that the baseneſſe of this my translatiõ of the learned Poet Ouid, *procure not you to refuſe the Patronage and defence of my ſlender Muſe. Which as I know vndoubtedly ſhall neuer coũteruayle your curteſies: So doe I aſſuredlye hope may be a proofe of my good will & not forgottẽ dutie. The very name,* Heroycal (*for ſo are the Epiſtles termed*) *deſerued an Honorable & Heroycall Perſonage to be their garde. Which if your honor refuſe not (as I know you wyll not refuſe) waying the*

giuers intent, and seing (that these are the first fruites of his trauaile) you shall not only purchase immortal praise of others: but I be encouraged and animated to greater and grauer attempts: which I shall no sooner atchieue, but you shall be a witnesse of my endeuours, & a rãpier to my exploytes. Thus hauing boldly importuned your assistance, and tediously molested your eares with circumstances, leauing now at length to abuse your friendly pacience, I ende: wishing to your Honor increase of Nobilitie, with a moste happie lyfe: and after the

Cata-

The Epistle.

Catastrophe of this worldly Comedie, (wherein you play a statelye parte) the gladsome ioyes of the euerlasting Seignorie.

Your humble Orator
G. Turberuile

The Translator to his *Muse*

GO (slender Muse) and make report to men
That meere desire to pleasure them in deede
Made me in hande to take the paynefull pen:
Which if I may, I haue my hoped meede.
I neyther gape for gaine nor greedie fee,
My Muse and I haue done, if men in gree
will take this trifling toye.

To the Reader.

LEARNED, Courteous, and Gentle Reader, I had long ere thys time bid thee to a ſlender banquet: Had it not bene that other by their good wylles had preuented my gentle offer and good meaning therein. But I ſawe ſo many riche and ſtately bourdes couered, ſo many curious carpets laide, ſuch deinty delicates deuiſde, ſuch courtly cates & confects daily brought in, as loth I was vpon ſuch iunkets

kets & fine fare to procure the to a rude reare ſupper. But cõ-ſidering that mine habilitie is not to make ani better or more ſumptuous: and waying that of dutie and good will I ought to manifeſt my well meaning with the reaſt: I haue here at length byd thee (I ſaye) to a baſe banquet, to ſharpen thy ſtomack, and procure thy appetite to fyner fare. Hoping that thou wylte not ſcorne or lothe any diſhe that ſhal be ſet before thee. If it be ſo that thou myſlike any thing, impute the blame

blame to the cooke. For doutleſſe the Cates of themſelues in their kinde, are paſſyng curious, but for want of cunning in dreſsing the ſame, maye appere nothing delectable to the eie, nor toothſome to the taſte. The feaſt was deuiſed long agone by *Ouid* at *Rome*, & paſſing wel liked in learned *Italie*: no leſſe for diuerſity of diſhes, than copie of confictes. May be that if thou ſhewe thy ſelfe friendly in well accepting this prouiſiõ, thou ſhalt be inuited to a better banquet in tyme at my

my hands, who as ſoone as occaſion will ſerue, will giue thee to vnderſtand of my good wil. Meane while plaie a friendfull gueſtes part, and miſlike not anye thing that ſhall be ſerued thee, without iuſt cauſe. Challenge not vnto thee an ouercurious mouth & taſte. Thus loth any longer to withholde thee from thy vitailes, I wiſhe thee to feede and farewell.

George Turberuile.

oc-
hee
wil.
lfull
ot a-
rued
Cha-
uer-
Thus
olde
viſhe
.

ruile.

¶ The Argument of the *firſt Epiſtle, entituled* Penelope to Vlyſſes.

THe angrie Greekes for Helens rape preparde
To Troie: when wiſe Vlyſſes marryde late
A furie fainde, in hope to haue bene ſparde:
But Palamede lothing to loſe a mate
So needefull as Vlyſſes was, bewrayde
The fraude of him that gladly woulde haue ſtayde.

Away he goes. When ten yeres warre was ſpent,
And ſlaunting Troie troden to the ground:
With other Greekes to ſhippe Vlyſſes went,
But Pallas then the wrathfull Goddeſſe frownd,
And made the Grecians greedie of their home,
Full ten yeres ſpace on ſurging Seas to rome.

Which abſence long Penelope aggrieude,
That little ſpace hir huſbande had enioyde
(Forſaken wight) ſhe verily beliеude
Some other Laſſe Vlyſſes had acoyde.
And this procurde the louing wife to wright,
That ſhe his cauſe of abſence learne might.

Penelope to Vlysses.

TO thée that lingrest all to long,
thy wyfe (Vlysses) sendes:
Gayne wryte not but by quick returne
for absence make amendes.
To Gréckisly Nymphes that hatefull Troie,
is now to ruine brought:
Scarce mought the King and all his welth
requite the wrong they wrought.
O that the surging Seas had drenght
that lustfull Lecher tho:
When he to Lacedemon came
imbarckt, and wrought our wo.
Then should I not haue layde my lymmes
in desert couch alone:
Ne made complaint that Phœbus steades
to slowe to glade had gone.
Then should no Beldames distaffe made,
my Wydowish hande to faint:
Whilst I to waste the wearie night,
with spinning was attaint.
When stode I not in worser awe
in dæde than was befell:
Aye loue is passing full of feare,
though euery thing be well.

Mée thought I saw a swarming troupe
of Troians thée aboute:
No sooner Hectors name I heard,
but Hector made me doute.
I brute had blazde Amphimachus
of Hector to bée slaine:
Amphimachus by such report
procurde my dread againe.
Or when Menetius sonne was sayde
in forged armes to die:
I sorrowed that the Troians did
Patroclus craft espie.
When Tlepolemus lost by force
of Lycian launce his life:
By Tlepolemus death were made
my slacked sorrowes rife.
In fine what so they were of Greece,
that dyde amid their foes,
A feare within my breast more colde
Than Mountaine yse arose.
But righteous God that Hymen hight,
and true loue hath in care:
Hath kept Vlysses frée from scath,
and Troians caught in snare.
The Grecish Chiefetaines are returnde,
the sacred Altars flame:
Of barbarous spoyle the Gods haue part,
that well deserude the same.

The Matrones for their salued Færes
most gratefull giftes prepare:
And they, how Troie by their toyle
atchieued was, declare.
The sage with siluer haires doe muse,
and daintie Damsels eake:
The wiues about their husbandes hang
when they begin to speake.
And lo, when Tables once are laide,
one ginneth straight to showe
The weakefull warre, and drawes with wine
the Troian Tentes arowe.
Here Simois (saith he) did flowe,
here is Sigeian lande:
And here the aged Priams Hawle
and Princely house did stande.
There fierce Achylles pight his Tentes,
there wise Vlysses lay:
Here Hector rent in dolefull wise,
the horsses did affray.
Thus auncient Nèstor made report,
who tolde thy sonne the same:
And he (as was his part to doe)
declarde it to his Dame.
How Rhesus thou didst make to rue,
and Dolon yælde to death:
Th'one sleeping, th'other by thy guile
did lose his vitall breath.

And didst thou dare (thou retchlesse man
and ouerbolded wight)
To Thracian Tents to shape thy course
in vgly shade of night?
And onely by the ayde of one,
so many men to slaye
That wonted were to be so ware
and minde thy wedlock aye?
With quaking feare my heart was colde,
and visage passing pale:
When thou didst passe along the Hoste,
and Thracian horses stale:
But what to me (vnhappie Feme)
auailes the Troian wracke:
And walles which you by breach haue brought,
to vtter spoyle and sacke:
If I in Widowes state remaine,
as I to fore haue donne:
And must for aye Vlysses lacke,
as when the broyle begonne?
To me that Troie sole doth stande
though Souldiers had the spoyle:
And they that *Victors* were with plough
for lucre turne the soyle:
Where stately buildings were to sée,
and Troian towne did stande:
There sprouteth corne with Phrygian bloud,
so fatted is the lande.

Halfe

Halfe buried bones of woꝛdlike wightes
the crooked Culters teare:
Both grasse and graine with hearbes doe growe,
where hawtie houses were.
Thou *Victor* euer art alack,
ne once wilt make me showe
By louing lines, oꝛ message meanes,
what cause of stay doth growe.
No straunger stumbles on our stronde,
oꝛ bꝛings his Backk to bay,
But I enquire him of thy health
oꝛ ere he passe away.
And so his foꝛtune fauour, that
on thee he chaunce to light,
I pꝛaye him yelde those louing lines,
which I to thée indight.
I sent to Pylos to enquire,
(where aged Nèstor dwelt)
No certaine rumoꝛ of a truth
from Pylos haue I felt.
From thence I sparde not foꝛ expence
to Sparta me to hie:
But Sparta cannot make account,
where thou doe liue oꝛ die.
Boꝛe better twere foꝛ me (in fayth)
if Troie stode againe,
(But I vnconstant wight am wꝛoth
with these my wishes vaine.)

Then should I certaine be and sure
where thou didst leade thy lyfe:
Then onely should I dreade the warres,
and stormes of stirred strife.
Then should my dearie dolefull plaint
conioyned be with mo:
That in the absence of their makes
should take some taste of wo.
I fraughted am with feare, but what
I dreade I know not well:
My cares encrease, the way is wide
that leades me to this hell.
No perill on the tolling Sea,
or on the lande is séene,
But I surmise that they forthwith
thy cause of stay hath béene.
Whilst fondly thus amazde I stande,
(such is thy pleasures plight)
Thou mayst bestow thy loue a freshe
vpon some other wight.
To whome thou makste a shew perhaps,
how homely is thy wife:
And how at Distaffe she delights
to leade a Rusticks life.
But (Gods) O let me be beguilde,
let whisking windes transport
Such thoughts, & thou that mayst retyre,
dislodge not in such sort.

Icarius my grutching Syre
would force me breake my Yeast,
And blaming this thy slack returne,
would make newe mariage feast.
But as I am, I will be thine,
let rancor fede his fill,
Penelope will be the wife
of hir Vlysses still.
Yet naytheleſſe my endleſſe ſute
at length hath moude my Syre:
Who rules his rage with reasons brake,
and Masters wrathfull yre.
From Ilandes round about doe flock
of ſuters many one:
Zacinthus, Samus, with the reaſt,
by ſute encreaſe my mone.
Thoſe roysting ruffiers beare the ſway
within thy Pallace gate:
With catching clawes they waſte thy wealth,
and ſeeke t'impaire thy ſtate.
Pyzander, Medon, Polybus,
Eurimachus yfere:
With Antinous t'is no nede,
for to receite as here.
What ſhould I theſe, with others name,
who ſeeke to ſpend thy good,
Which thou by manly Marte haſt got
in daunger of thy blood?

The raskall eke doth rule the rost,
Melanthius, and Ire,
(Which soundes to thy dishonour most)
togither doe conspire.
Wee are by tale but three, God wote,
thy weake and wretched wife:
Telemachus thy little sonne,
Laërtes lothing life.
Thy sonne not long ago was like
by craft to bene consumde:
Whilst he, to passe against their willes
to Pylos had presumde.
But Gods I grate this onely bone,
that he by course of kinde,
His fathers eies and mine may close,
and liue himselfe behinde.
This is the crooked Nurces worke
and clownishe cowardes care:
And he that daylie serues the swine,
a lyke is wont to fare.
Laërtes ouerlode with yeares,
vnable to the warre,
Amidde these states can strike no stroke
when they begin to iarre.
Thy Sonne (so Gods doe lende him life)
to mans estate will growe:
But thou in these his childish yeares,
shouldst garde him from the foe.

I Wiser wight am not of force
to banishe them the place:
Wherefore, see thou who art our ayde,
that thou returne apace.
Thou hast (long mayest thou haue) a Son,
that in his tender age.
Should follow on his fathers steps,
and life for worship gage,
Liue not ay retchlesse of thy Syre,
whose eies thou oughtes to shut:
His dying date drawes on apace,
the twine of life is cut:
And I that at thy parture was,
a Gyrle to beholde:
Of truth am warte a Matrone now,
thy selfe will iudge mée olde.

The Argument of the *ſecond Epiſtle, entituled*

Phyllis to Demophoon.

DEmophoon *minding after Troian broyle*
To long deſired Countrie to retowre:
For all his force, for all his paine full toyle,
Was brought to Thrace *by meane of ſtormie ſhowre,*
Where Phyllis *raignde who likte hir gueſt ſo well,*
As firſt to boorde, and then to bed they fell.

Within a while Demophoon *gan to faine*
And forge excuſe to Athens *to repaire,*
With gaged fayth to ſhape returne againe
Within one Month, and bid hir not diſpaire:
But when the fixed time was gone and paſt,
Thus Phyllis *wrote vnto hir gueſt at laſt.*

Phyllis to Demophoon.

THat thine Hoſteſſe, Phyllis was,
a Rhodopeian Mayde:
Miſlike that thou my gueſt, beyonde
thy fixed time haſt ſtayde.
Thy plighted promiſe was with ſhippe
here to arryude againe
Before or nære about the time
the waxen Mone ſhould waine.
But Phœbe fourthly hath repayrde
hir walked hornes a newe:
Yet may I not on Thracian coaſt
take once of thée a vewe.
Though thou account the fléeting time,
(which Louers note by trade)
Thou ſhalt not find that Phyllis hath
to ſone hir plaint ymade.
And long ynough I fedde on hope,
for ſuch is Louers guiſe,
We hardly credit hurtfull happes
till damage doe ariſe.
I haue oft flattred with my ſelfe,
and thought the Southren winde
Had ſtuft thy ſailes, and brought thy Barck,
which yet I cannot finde.

Phyllis

I haue a curſed Theſeus oft,
that was thy cauſe of ſtaye:
And yet may be that he at all
bredde not his long delay.
Another while I ſtode in awe,
leaſt thou to Hæbrus Lake
Directing courſe, in middle Seas
by wracke thy bane hadſt take.
Full often haue I for thy health
in milde and humble wiſe,
With Incence made requeſt to Gods,
that lodge in loftie Skies,
And ſundrie times when Æole had
his broyling Imps incloſde:
That if thou were aliue thou wouldſt
haue commen I ſuppoſde.
Thus loyall loue(what ſo might bréede
and be a cauſe of ſtay.
To ſuch as trauaile)did deuiſe,
excuſing thy delay.
But thou not forcing on thy fayth,
ne counting of thy Heſt,
Not dreading Gods to witneſſe callde,
doſt minde thy Phyllis leſt.
Demophoon to the windes ingagde
his promiſe with his ſaile:
I ſorrow that the ones returne,
and th'others faith doth fayle.

Denounce

Denounce to mée what I haue done,
but lœude thée all too well:
By mine offence I haue deserude
that thou with me shouldst dwell.
In mée one haynous fault is found
that harbourde such a guest:
But this my guile hath force of bœne,
and merit there doth rest.
Where now thy solempne sacred othes,
thy plighted troth with bande:
And Gods appealde as true recordes
to witnesse of thy hande:
Where is that holy Hymen nowe,
that vs as chosen Fœres
By frée assent conioyne in one
yfeare to waste our yéeres:
First swarst thou by that gastly Goulfe,
where winde and waue doe rore:
By whome thou were in poynt to passe,
as oft thou hadst before.
Then Neptune was to witnesse callde,
thy Graund and worthie Syre,
(Unlesse thou faine) who quailes the Surge
and swelling waters yre.
Then Venus, with hir winged wight,
(that bredde me all this téene)
Was sommond, whose reuenger toles
are bowe and arrowes kéene.

Dame

Dame Iuno, that hath ſpouſall charge
and wedlock, ſhewde hir face:
And Ceres with hir ſolempne rytes,
was cyted to the place.
Ieche of theſe forenamed powres
and witneſſe thus in vaine,
Should ſeeke on thée to wreake their wrath,
couldſt thou endure the paine?
My ſelfe (leaſt thou ſhouldſt want at néede
a Barck to leaue my lande)
Infonded, did repaire the ſhips
that ragged lay on ſande.
I trimde vp all thy broken Mares,
whereby thou mightſt depart:
And thus my ſelfe haue forgde the toles,
that thyrled haue my heart.
Thy many imoth and filed wordes
did purchaſe credites place:
I did beleue thy ſtocke, thy Gods
ſtode all in Phyllis grace.
I thought thy teares had béene of troth:
can they be forged to?
Thy teares which at commaundment are
from flattering face to flo.
Thy Gods did make me iudge the beſt,
theſe pledges were in vaine:
God wote one parcell of them mought
a ſtely Mayden traine.

That I ſuppoꝛted thée at néede
it mœues mæ naught at all:
So that thy harbour all had bæne,
the matter had bæne ſmall.
But ſhameleſſe and with blinde foꝛecaſt,
from bourde to bed did goe;
And there to paſſe in Venus toyes
doth agrauate my woe.
O that the laſt foꝛepaſſed night
befoꝛe that curſed tyde,
Had bëene my laſt: then Phyllis might
with ſpotleſſe fayth haue dyde.
I hoped better, by deſerte
who had thy friendſhip wonne:
The hope which mœde and right pꝛocures,
they ſay is well begonne.
The gloꝛie is not greate by guile
to circumuent a Mayde:
You rather ſhould my ſimpleneſſe
with friendly fauour payde.
A woman, and a louing wight
thy foꝛged fraude hath made
To be intrapt: God graunt thy pꝛayſe
by Phyllis ſpoyle to vade.
Among th'Athenion noble wightes
thy ſeate ſhall be aſſignde:
Thy Syze amid his ſpoyles ſhall ſtande,
and thou his ſonne behinde.

When

When shamefull Syron shall be read
and fell Procustes death,
And Scynis with the Minotaure,
whome Theseus reft his breath:
When Creon conquerde shall appeare,
and Centaures there be sæne:
And be recorded that thy Syre,
at Plutos Court hath bæne:
Beneath thy Fathers manly factes,
shall stand this stately stile:
(Lo this is that vnfaithfull gueſt,
who Phyllis did beguile.)
Of all thy fathers noble actes,
and worthie feates of fame:
Thou onely doest resemble one,
which he accoumpts a shame:
For he king Minos daughter reft,
and hir forewer at last:
And thou (as heire of all his guile)
doest frame a iugling cast.
But she hath made a wise exchaunge,
(I spite not) for the best:
Upon hir Tigers bridled braue,
shæ rides at quiet rest.
But now such suters as in Thrace,
of mæ were scornde before,
Despise to be espouse to hir
who loues a straunger more,

That such as were my countrie men,
to Athens let hir go,
(Say they) to weare the Thracian crowne
we want not one I trowe.
The ende is it that tryes the fact,
God sende him sorie haps,
That alway thinks it best to iudge
the cause by after claps.
But so my Countrie waues were cutte,
and sundred with the keale,
Then might I vaunt my loue imployde,
to tende to publike weale.
But slender was the loue I bare
to this my natiue soyle:
Ny Pallace moues thee not a mite,
ne Bystons pleasant goyle.
The countnaunce and the iesture both,
are yet imprinted fast
Within my breast, that thou didst vse,
when Phyllis sawe thee last.
And didst thou dare with clasping armes,
imbrace hir carcasse so?
And touch hir chirrie lippe with thine,
a thousand times and mo?
And to confounde thy brackish teares,
with Phyllis salted brine?
And that the weather serude so well,
a fault with Æole fine?

And when thou tookst thy last farewell,
adue how darste thou say?
Demophoon will retire againe,
that (Phyllis) is no nay.
Shall I expect his gainecome that
hath minde on nothing lesse?
Or gape for sayles that shunne the port
where was their chiefe redresse?
And yet I can but long to sée
thy comming, though be long:
Though fired daye be past, reuert
and quite some part of wrong.
But what doe I vnhappie wishe?
another daintie Dame
Both thée, and all thy loue hath wonne
to thy reprochfull shame.
I thinke that Phyllis is forgot,
that vsde hir guest so well:
Fie, fie, of Phyllis make not straunge,
ne aske the place I dwell.
I am that Phyllis (would thou wist)
who harbourde thæ at nœde:
And gaue thée porte that long on Seas
hadst wandred all in dræde.
Whose goods inricht thy poore estate,
and hauing welth at will
Did succour thée, and woulde haue done
if thou hadst taried still.

Euen

Euen she that made thée Lord and Prince
of all Lycurgus lande:
And yéelded thée a scepter farre
vnfit for womans hande.
As farre as chillie Rhodope
to bushie Hæmus goes:
And sacred Hæbrus with his streames,
and weltring waters flocs.
Euen she that gaue thée leaue to pluck
hir Maydenhead all beshroude;
And with thy craftie hande to let
hir honest belt abroade.
At that sinister time was prest
Tisiphone in place:
And eke the Owle with dolefull shriche,
and monstrous vgly face.
Not farre from thence with snakie bushe,
the fell Alecto lay:
Who with hir gastly glowing eyes,
the presence did affray.
Yet naytheleste to ragged rockes,
and shore I vse to hie:
And all about to kenne the coast
I cast my gazing eie.
When starres in rowling skies doe raunge,
or Phœbus yælde his light,
I go to sée where Æols windes
with Neptunes waues doe fight.

And whatsoeuer shippe I vewe
come cutting on the Sea
To Thracia warde: I iudge it straight
our natiue Gods to be.
Then like a Bedlam wight to waues
and drenching seas I ronne:
As farre as swelling waters flowe,
when ebbing tide is donne.
But how much more the Barck ariues,
and nérer is to lande:
The more amazde, and from my wittes
estraunged doe I stande.
Then gin my senses all to fayle,
my liuely parts to faint:
And (were not for my Maydes) I shoulde
with swouning be attaint.
A créke there standes, that is by kinde,
not farre vnlike a bowe:
Whose picked points with ruthlesse rock,
and hardened stone doth growe.
I was resolude with stayed minde,
and vnapalled hart,
From thence to cast my corps adowne,
and will if thou depart.
Then restlesse floud, and flæting waues,
my carcasse will applye
To shore, and thou thine Hostesse shalt
vnterred sée with eye.

Though

Though Adamant thy rigour then
and ſtubborne ſtæle exceede,
Yet wilt thou ſaye, fie Phyllis, fie,
this purſute had no neede.
Sometime my fanſie ſerues me well
with venoms drench to die:
And ſtreight with ſword to hack my death,
I am at point to trie.
Then with a ſtring to ſtop my breath,
I thinke it paſſing fit:
And with a ruthleſſe hande, a corde
about my throte to knit.
For certaine fully bent I am,
with ſpeedie leauing life,
To recompence my ſpotted fame,
in choyſe ſhall be no ſtrife.
And thou that didſt procure my bane,
for thy deſert ſhalt haue
This Verſe, or ſome ſuch other like
inſculped on my graue.

Demophoon that guilefull gueſt,
made *Phyllis* ſtoppe hir breath:
His was the cauſe, and hirs the hande
that brought hir to the death.

The Argument of the *third Epistle, entituled*

Briseis to Achylles.

THe *Greekes ariude at* Phrygia, *fell to sacke*
The neighbour townes to aged Priams *walles:*
When fierce Achylles *brought to wayleſull wracke*
Cilicias *both, and tooke two virgins thralles.*
Th'one Chryſis *hight a paſsing goodly Dame,*
And Briſeis *th'other not much vnlike the ſame.*

Chryſis Atrides *choſe to ſporte withall,*
Achylles Briſeis *had for like intent,*
But when at laſt the Prince forewent his thrall,
He Briſeis *reft, whom earſt* Achylles *hent:*
Which done, he left his Launce, he fled the fielde,
And would no more his wonted weapons wielde.

The Chieftaine ſaw at length Achylles *lacke,*
And former fight in fielde with furious fo,
To ſtint the ſtriſe, he ſent him Briſeis *backe,*
But he refuſde to take the Ladie tho:
Which when the Virgin ſawe, this following verſe
Faire Briſeis *ſent his braſen breaſt to pierce.*

Briſeis to Achylles.

THe dolefull lines you reade
from captiue Briſeis came:
Whoſe Troian fiſt can ſcarcely yet
with Grækiſh figures frame.
My flufhing teares did cauſe
the blots and blurres you ſée:
Yet in theſe dzærie dzops I knowe
the weight of wozdes to bée.
If lawfull be to plaine
of thæ my Lozde and Fære:
Of thée my Féere and Lozde the plaint
thy ſelfe ſhalt quickly hære.
I déeme it not thy guilt,
that I fro thée was ſent:
Yet in ſome part foz yælding me
ſo ſone thou mayeſt be ſhent.
No ſoner Eurybate
with Talthybius came:
But I was yælded to their handes
my iourney fozth to frame.
And they with glaunſing eyes
ytoſſed to and fro,
In ſecret ſilence did conſult
my fanſies plight to knowe.

I might haue ſtayde a while,
deferring of my wo
Had earned thankes, I did not kiſſe
my Lorde Achylles tho.
But teares beraynde my cheekes,
I retchleſſe rent mine heare:
And leaſt I had bene rapt againe,
I ſtode in gaſtly feare.
Oft minded I by breach,
and ſcape to haue retournde:
But ſcoutes and warders lay in waite,
that me my purpoſe wounde.
To iſſue out by night
of foes I ſtode in dread:
Though if I had bene caught, I ſhould
to Troian Dames bene lead.
But yéelded vp, I haue
bene many nights alack:
Not reſcude by thy haughtie powre,
thy malice is to ſlack.
Patroclus did enquire,
(when I from thée did go:)
What bred my dole, ſince quick retyre,
ſhould ſone abridge my wo?
Thou doſte not onely ceaſe
to ſue for me againe:
But aye procurſte the moſt thou mayſte,
the Captaine ſhoulde detaine

Thy

Thy Briſeis from thy clummes:
go now I ſaye and boaſt
(Thou hote and earneſt louer) of
thy loue in euery coaſt.
To thée Amyntors ſonne,
and Aiax came yfeare:
Thy fellowe Phœnis, Aiax was
by bloud to Achyl neare.
Vlyſſes was the thirde,
which ſhould haue brought me back:
Of gentle words and guerdons great,
thou ſhouldſt haue found no lack.
Atrides Tables ſent
twiſe ten of glowing Braſſe:
So finely wrought as to beholde
their matches rare it was.
Seauen ſtoles of ſemblant Arte
and weyght, with Talents fiue
Of Golde, a doſen ſtately ſteades,
to gallop paſſing bliue.
And (more than nœded tw,
or that Achylles lackt)
A troupe of daintie trulles that came
from Cities lately ſackt.
With them a pretie peate,
(of Agamemnons thrée
Faire daughters, but thou nœded none)
thy louing wife to bée.

Of like the ſumme is ſmall
Achylles woulde beſtowe
Upon my raunſome, if he ſcorne,
the things he ſhould forgoe:
That hauing proffer made
of mæ with heaped gaine,
Refuſeth me and all the wealth,
and barres me by and maine.
Aye me, by what deſert
hath Briſeis loſt thy loue?
Achylles, why ſo ſone from hir
ſhouldſt thou thy hart remoue?
Doth cankred fortune ſtill
perſiſt in yrefull rage
To Miſer wights? will neuer calme
theſe hurling broyles aſſwage?
I by thy manly Mart
ſawe Lyrnes brought to ſack:
And I in Lyrnes had a ſhare,
which now is gone to wrack.
I ſawe with ruthfull eye,
of mine allyance thrée,
(Of thrée my mother deare was one)
their liked liues to flée.
I ſaw my huſbande eke
on bloudie ſoyle, with gore
Beſprent, with wide and gaping woundes
in vglye wiſe to rore.

For

For all these hurts endurde
on thee I made my choyse:
That thou my Lorde and Louer art,
and brother I reioyce.
Thou swore by Tethys tho,
that I shoulde scape annoy:
And that my bondage shoulde not breede
my domage, but my ioy.
Euen to this fine it tendes
that I with all this dowre,
Shoulde of Achylles be refusde
for Agamemnons powre.
Moreouer brute hath blazde,
that when the morning light
Hath clearde the pole, that thou on Seas
with ship wilt take thy flight.
Which fell report no sooner came vnto mine eare,
But I by sodaine chaunge of hue
declarde my chaunge of cheare.
And wilt thou thus depart?
to whom wilt thou me leaue?
Who wil relieue my vile estate,
or succourlesse receyue?
Let gastly gaping gulfe
and quaking earth deuour:
Or let me feele of Vulcanes boltes
the stroke, and scathfull scoure.

For Let

Let flaſhing flame of fire
and lightning Briſeis burne,
And ſo by ſodaine clappe hir corps
to partched cynders turne:
Ere ſhe from Pthia ſée
hir Lorde Achylles wende
Imbarkt, and leaue his thrall behind,
which mightie Ioue forefende.
If my returne may like,
or countrie Gods thée pleaſe:
My burden ſhall not brée̊de the Barcke:
or thée ſuch great diſeaſe.
The *Victor* as a thrall,
(not as a ſpouſe hir make)
I will attende: my hande to ſpinne
and carde ſhall vndertake.
In all the Achaian ſoyle,
to wife the braueſt Dame
Receiue, let hir with Achyll lodge
Cupidos feates to frame.
A worthie daughter lawe
for Pelius, Æacus ſonne:
To whome, olde Nereus to become
a Seignour would not ſhonne.
The while, I ſielie wenche
prompt to obey thy beſt,
Will doe my taſke at turne and Cardes,
or Diſtaffe with the reſt.

So that I craue hir nought,
but onely that thy wife,
(Which woulde torment my heart full sore)
will cease from grutching strife.
Ne banishe me mine ease,
ne suffer hir to teare
In spitefull wise, my golden lockes,
and rent my crisped heare,
In silence to thy selfe
saye: this was once my loue,
As th'other is my wedded spouse,
whose rigour I reproue.
I force not what I bide,
so I with thée may stay:
But Briseis hath a doubtfull dréede,
that puttes good hope away.
What dost thou more expect?
Atrides wrath is gone:
And Græce, in dolefull wise, before
thy feete doth make hir mone.
Represse thy raging yre,
that dost the rest subdue:
Now cruell Hector makes the Gréekes
their restlesse rage to rue.
Achylles take thy loue
and Briseis once againe:
And then with luckie Mart, thy fill
with Troian bloud distaine.

Let

Let hir that was the cauſe
of wrath, appeaſe thine yre:
Let hir that forſt thy griefe, be cauſe
that thou to loye aſpire.
Ne doe thou thinke diſdaine
to graunt me my requeſt:
Since Meleager yælded him
to Cleopatras heſt.
I ſpeake it by reporte,
thou knoweſt the matter well:
How Althæa ſought to ſpoyle hir ſonne,
(O Achyl) thou canſt tell.
Who was a valiant wight,
and noble for his Mart:
And yet he did renounce his armes,
and from his Countrie ſtart.
With home onely milde requeſt
of Cleopatra bowde:
But Briſeis words are of no weight,
hir ſute is not alowde.
Wherefof I ne diſdaine,
who may not iuſtly craue
The title of a ſpouſe, but am
a vile and bounden ſlaue.
For ſundrye times when thou
were bent to Venus playe,
Then wouldſt thou bid vnto thy bedde
thy ſeruant come hir waye.

Among thy captiues one
a Madams name me gaue,
Those are vnfitting termes (quoth I)
not greeing to a slaue.
By my good husbandes bones
layde in vntimely pit,
(Which bones I minde to honor aye
till liuely twine vnknit)
And by my brothers ghosts
which did resist till death,
And in defence of native Gods
to lanish were of breath:
By both our heades which we
haue often led yfeare:
And by thy weapons, which my friendes
haue tryde to much, I sweare.
That none of all the Grekes
my secret parts doe knowe:
Forsake and as an abiect scorne
me, if it proue not so.
But if I shoulde demaunde
an othe of thee againe,
That thou hadst with none other Lasse
but with thy Briseis laine.
And say: thou valiant wight,
hast thou not past in play
Since I to Agamemnon went:
Achylles would say nay.

The

The Grækes ſurmiſe that thou
doſte leade thy life in wo,
And mourne for want of Briſeis: but
I ſæ it is not ſo.
Thou rumbleſt on thy Lute,
ſwæte muſicke likes thine eare,
Some luſtfull Laſſe will not permit
Achylles couch beleare.
If queſtion were, why thou
didſt ſtint from wonted fight:
Thou wouldſt auouch that Venus were,
with greater pleaſure freight.
Moze ſafetie is to lincke,
and rowe in Venus Barge,
Or with a pleaſant Thracian Lute
all ſozowes to diſcharge:
Than in thy hande to haue
a ſhielde with bloudie ſpeare,
Or heauie Helmet on thy head,
and feltred Locks to beare.
But wozthy wozkes of warre
were moze imbraced earſt,
Than ſuch a ſafetie, when thy breaſt
with glozies Launce was pearſt.
What? were thou onely ſtoute
when I by fight was wonne?
Is all that courage quailed quite,
now Lyrnes ſiege is donne?

Nay, Gods forbid that thou
shouldst seeke thy fame to lose,
Yet rather let thy Launce the breast,
of haughtie Hector browse.
Sende me (you Greekes) to treate,
as seruant will I sue
Unto my Lord, and all my woordes,
my kisses shall ensue.
For Briseis will preuayle
farre more than Phœnis can:
And more than wise Vlysses tale
or Aiax with the man.
T'is much with folded armes
his neck to haue imbrast:
And louing lookes by fancie forst
with glauncing eye to cast.
Though thou (Achylles) be
with rigor and with rage
Repleate, yet naytheleſſe with teares,
thy wrath I will asswage.
And maye they now take place:
if so, Gods graunt thy Sire
(The woorthie Peleus) to his yeares
and hoped age aspire.
If so thou heare my sute,
Gods graunt that Pirrhus may
(Thy woorthy sonne) to battaile go
in good and luckie day.

Beholde thou manly wight,
thy Briſeis clad with wo:
Abandon rigor in good time
that paynes thy louer ſo.
Or if thy loue be chaungde,
from loue to lothſome hate:
Force hir that liues in beaute plight
to yelde hir due to fate.
The fine will proue it ſo,
my corps and colour fade:
The ſoule to kéepe his former force
thy onely hope hath made.
Which hope, when ſo ſhall faint
and be debarde his hire:
Thy Briſeis to hir huſbandes ſoule
and brothers ſhall aſpire.
To force a woman die,
no glorie mayſt thou gaine:
But ſo thou long to haue my death
let me with ſworde be ſlaine.
Some bloud as yet remaines
in carefull corps incloſde:
Which woulde flush out, if with thy ſworde
the vaine were once diſcloſde.
With ſelfe ſame weapon pierce
my weake and féeble ſide,
Wherewith (if Pallas had not bene)
Atrides ſhoulde haue dide.

Yet rather saue my life
as thou toforе hast donne:
And thou that were by pittie moude,
by humble sute be wonne.
On Troian wreake thy wrath,
thy fierce vnfeyned foe:
Go bath in Phrygian blood, thy blowes
on Priams friendes bestowe.
Achylles say the worde,
and where thou come or stay,
If thou wilt haue me make returne,
thy Brisеis comes hir way.

The Argument of the *fourth Epistle, entituled*

Phædra to Hippolytus.

THe frantick Phædra, Theseus wedded Make,
In absence of the Duke hir husband fell
In loue with Hippolyte, and did forsake
The worthie wight that looude his wife so well.
But he delighted with Diana more
Than cranking Cupid, or Dame Venus play:
Aye kept the chase, and slue the sauage Bore,
Not forcing what his Mother Law did say.
She naytheleſse attacht with glowing gleede,
To winne the chastfull youth to filthie lust:
In subtile sort his humors sought to feede,
Perswading him hir sute to be but iust.
With sundrie sleightes she went about to winne
The retcheleſſe youth, that minded nothing leſse
Than shamefull lust and filthie fleshly sinne.
The Mothers minde this Pistle doth expreſse,
These suing lines hir sluttish sute bewray,
Wherein to Hippolyte thus gan she say.

Phædra to Hippolytus.

THe health and græting that ſhe ſends,
the ſame ſhall Phædra want,
Vnleſſe thou (Hippolyte) ſuch health
vouchſafe to Phædra graunt.
Receyue and reade what ſo is ſent,
what damage may enſue:
In theſe perhaps there lurckes that may
thy pleaſures plight renue.
As well by lande, as ſurging ſeas,
ſuch wrïttes are wont to wende:
And foes that fæde on rancour, reade
the lynes the foes doe ſende.
Thrïſe was I bent to haue diſcloſde
to thæ my couert ſute:
But thrïſe my foltring tongue was tide,
I ſtoode as one were mute.
I mingled baſhfull ſhame with loue,
till loue ſurpaſſed ſhame:
Wherfore the words I bluſht to ſpeake,
in wrïting reade the ſame,
For what ſo Cupid giues in charge
tis madneſſe to deſpiſe:
For he doth conquer God and man
as nature did deuiſe.

Ye when I stode in gastfull dreade
to penne my earnest sute,
Said, write on Phædra, he shall yelde
and pay thy paines with frute.
We prest thou mightie Prince of loue,
and as thy feruent fire
Doth burne my brest, so cause him frie
with Phædras hote desire.
I minde not by enormous guilt
to breake my spousall knot:
For (would thou wist) my life as yet
is free from shamefull blot.
How much the longer tis ere loue
inuades a womans breast:
The sorer is the cruell gashe,
and brædes the more distrest.
My inwarde parts are all inflamde,
my bowels boyle with heate:
My scorched heart forepinde with wo
a lurcking wound doth freate.
As Bullocks may not well abide
the crooked yoke at furst:
Nor trampling Colts with bit or brake
to haue their iawes yburst:
So fares it by my skilless brest
that hardly may endure.
Unwonted loue, or such vnrest
as Cupid will procure.

In youth when skill by practise commes,
the knowledge is profounde:
But who so loues when youth is spent
can not with Arte abounde.
The first taste of my spotlesse fame
vnto thy share shall fall
And eche of vs at once shall be
to sinfull lust in thrall.
Tis somewhat from the fraughted boughes
to plucke the fruite at full,
And Primrose with a nimble nayle
from slender stalke to pull.
Euen so the former brightnesse of
my passed age was cleare,
Obscured with no cloudie crime,
as doth in proufe appeare.
But well it chaunceth that I am
attacht with worthy flame,
A foule Adulter than the fact
doth breede a fouler shame.
Though Iuno would to Phædras vse
of Ioue renounce hir right:
Yet Phædra would Hippolytus
preferre with all hir might.
And now (which thou wouldst scarcely deeme)
I am not as I was:
I haue delight in quechie groues,
by brutish beasts to passe.

Now Dian with hir bended bowe
and shaftes is all my care:
I yælde me wholy to thy will,
in wrack and welth to fare.
My pleasure is to haughtie hilles,
and bushie brakes to hie:
To pitch my hay, or with my Hounds
to rayse a lustie crie:
Or else with weake and willing arme
a trembling dart to throwe,
Or weary limmes in grasse and greaues
with pleasure to bestowe.
T'is oft my practise in the plaine
a Charret for to guide:
And with a bit, to wrest and winde
the horse from side to side.
Sometimes by restlesse raging fits
much like to Bacchus Nunne,
Or to Cibeles brainsick Nymphes
in Ida Mount, I runne.
Resembling those whom Driades,
and Faunes doe force to flee:
Whome Semigods we deemed and
halfe heauenly wights to bee.
This tale is tolde to me at large
when furious fittes are past:
To me I say, whose couert parts
with silent loue doe wast.

We

We may perhaps vnto the fate
and foꝛtune of our kinde
Impute this loue, and Venus longs,
by tribute vs to binde.
Foꝛ firſt the faire Europa was
of mightie Ioue embꝛaſt:
Who in the figure of a Bull
did play a ſluttiſh caſt.
Another bꝛutiſh Bull my Dame
Phaſiphae beguilde:
Who with an vgly monſter was
by him begot with childe.
Falſe Theſeus by my ſiſters ſhifts
and track of ſilken twine,
The cꝛoked Caue and doubtfull denne
of Dedal fled in fine.
And laſt of all, leaſt I ſhould ſéeme
to ſwarue from Minos trade,
The remnant of that noble race
the like attempt haue made.
And that by fatall dꝋme pꝛocurde,
one houſe two Nymphes hath wonne:
My ſiſter lꝋude the father well,
and I imbꝛace the ſonne.
Two ſiſters were away conuaŷde
by thée, and by thy Sire:
Erect two Trophées of one houſe,
whereto you did aſpire.

That

That time when we in Athens did
to Ceres incense yelde:
Woulde Gods that Gnosian quiet soyle
in Creta me had helde.
Then most of all (but euer well)
thou stoodste in Phædras grace,
And chiefly tho thy pierceſant loue
my yeelding hart did race.
Thy vesture was as white as snow,
and head with garlands deckt:
Thy visage swarth, was seemely then
with Rosie red infect.
Thy countnance which to other Dames
so clownish seemes and grimme.
For clownish, comely Phædra thinkes
hir eye doth iudge it trimme.
Fie on those fonde vnmanly men
that seeke in nyce attire
Against their kinde, the curious tricks
of women to aspire.
Thee (Hippolyte) thy warlike face
and staring locks commend:
Thy countnance grymed all with dust
a comely shape doth lend.
Where thou with Raine dost rule thy horse
and gallop in the fielde:
I marueil at thy Arte, that so
canst force a Courser yelde.

Or where thou with thy nimble arme
a thirling Launce dost cast:
I muse how such a slender Dart
should pierce the aire so fast.
Or where thou holde thy hunting staffe,
ytipt with stubborne steele,
Or ought dost else it glads my minde,
my hart the ioy doth feele.
Wherefore, this rigor to the woods
and knarrie træs expell,
I am not she, that doth deserue
to die for louing well.
O to what purpose wilt thou put
Dianas feates in prowfe,
And take from Venus all hir due
and stand from hir alowfe:
For what so lacks successiue rest
and respite after toyle
Which should refresh the fainting limmes,
must nedes sustaine the foyle.
For triall take thy crooked bowe,
and let it stand ybent,
And neuer cease to shoote, and thou
shalt feele his force relent.
Though Cephalus in silent woods
were wont to waste his time,
And kill his game with derter hande
when sauage were in prime:

Yet naytheleſſe to Auroras Couch
and Cabbin would he wende:
In lothed Tythons wonted rowme
the ioyfull time to ſpende.
Not once, noꝛ twiſe, but ſundꝛie ſighes
the Goddeſſe Venus lay
With Adon in the wayleſſe woods,
hir pleaſures to aſſay.
So with the faire Atlantas loue
Sir Meleager glowde,
Whome in the pꝛowſe of perfite lous
the monſters ſpoyle allowde.
So let vs now at length I pꝛay
be numbꝛed with the mo:
The rudeneſſe of your chaſe appéeres,
if Venus it fozgo.
My ſelfe will follow at a fwte,
though rockie hilles ſay nay:
No gnaſhing Boze with thꝛeatning tuſkes
thy Phædra ſhall affray.
Two ſeas there are that with their waues
enuiron Iſthmos ſo,
That all the Iland heares the flouds
on eyther ſide that flo.
There I with thée in Trezen will
ſoiourne in Pitheus raigne:
Foꝛ now that ſoyle contents me moze
than all my Countrie vaine.

Now

Now loytring Theseus doth dislodge,
not minding to retire
As yet, Perithous his friende
his presence doth desire.
And least we should apparant truth
with frowarde will denie:
That Pyrrith he preferres before
our loues we may espie.
And not this onely wrong (though this
were much) we both endure:
But he in greater matters doth
our open wrong procure.
My brothers bones with balefull blowes
of knarrie clubbe he brake:
My sister eke suspecting naught,
this Theseus did forsake.
The chiefe of all the Amazons
for prowesse and for fame
Thy Mother was, who well deserude
great fauour for the same.
But if thou chaunce of hir what is
become, demaunde to make:
Thou shalt descrie that she hir death
by Theseus sworde did take.
And that before she was conioynde
in mariage. Wote you why?
For thou baseborne shouldst neuer raigne
and Princes rowme supply.

And

And moze than that, on me he gat
ſome Impes, whome Theſeus wzath
Not mine (I witneſſe all the Gods)
two ſonne bereued hath.
O Lozd, what ſo ſhe were alliue
that would thy ſpoyle intende:
Amidſt hir trauell would hir life
by ſhamefull death might ende.
Wherefoze go to, doe reuerence
vnto thy fathers bed:
Which he by his vnhoneſt meanes
and faythleſſe flight hath fled.
Be not ſurpziſde with fooliſh feare
noz rapt with gaſtfull awe,
That I thy lotted ſtepdame am,
and thou my ſonne in lawe.
Theſe rites and ſuperſtitions
by Saturn were maintainde:
But all ſuch lawes in future time
are like to be reſtrainde.
That ruſtie Saturn now is dead,
his ſtatutes are all gone:
Now follow Ioue, who gouernes all,
and raignes as Pzince alone.
Foz Ioue as lawfull hath allowde
what ſo may bzede delight:
And now the bzother may his fayth
vnto his ſiſter plight.

They

They whome Dame nature had allyde
and linkt by lawe of kinde,
By mutuall loue and friendly league
the knot moze firmely binde.
To kæpe in couert such delights
it is but slender skill,
The cloke of kinred will pzocure
the wozlde to iudge no yll.
When so our kissing shall be sæne,
oz clipping close be knowe:
That I a stepdame am so kinde,
to both our pzaise will growe.
Thou shalt not nede to come by darke
oz bleare the Pozters eye
By comming to the lodging late
where I am wont to lye:
As we haue soiourned long yeare,
so we hereafter will:
And as we haue in open kist,
so may we franckly still.
With me thou mayst be safe and sounde
thy fact shall purchase fame:
And though thou in my bed were sæne
it will not bræde thy shame.
Wherefoze expell all fonde delayes,
and haste to Venus ioy:
So Cupid, that on me doth rage,
pzocure thée none annoy.

Thou

Thou séest I take not in disdaine
in humble sort to sue.
Lord, where is all my pride become
and hautie words that flue.
I was in minde and fully bent
resistance to haue made,
Reuolting aye: but now I sée
no stay in louers trade.
Thus conquerd, with erected hands
and falling at thy knée
I sue for grace. What best beséemes
we Louers can not sée.
Now honest shame hath fled my face
and makes no longer stay:
Relent, and since I doe confesse,
ridde rigour cleane away.
Since Minos that doth owe the Seas
my stately Syre is knowne,
Since from my Grandsires weakfull hands
the thundring bolts are throwne:
Since Phædra that doth make request
of Phœbus line discendes,
Who to the soyle his blazing brandes
for earthly comfort lendes:
(In this my loue great honor lurcks)
let noble stockes dissent,
(If Phædras sute may not be heard)
enforce thée to relent.

All

All Creta, where the mighty Ioue
was fostred, is my dowre:
Which I will wholy yelde to thée
to vse thereon thy powre.
Exile this ruthfull rage, my Dame
a sauage Bull could moue:
Woze cruell then a brutish beast
wilt thou thy selfe approue?
Foz Venus sake I craue remoze,
whome I do honour faine:
So graunt yée Gods that Hippolyte
may neuer loue in vaine.
Diana chaste in silent woodes
so prest be at thy call:
And Lawndes so lend thée stoze of game
to glad thy minde withall.
So Satyrs, friendly shew your selues,
and Mountaine Panes eake,
So on the cruell tusked Boare
thy Iauelaine mayst thou breake.
So, (though thou hate the hurtlesse Nymphes)
let Nymphes from Christall flood,
Allowe the lycoz to expell
thy thirst in desert wood.
Unto these mylde requestes of mine
I added teares withall:
When so thou reade the lynes, surmise
thou sawste the drops to fall.

The Argument of the *fift Epistle, entituled*

Oenone to Paris.

KYng Priamus wife with childe,
and neare hir time did dreame
That she was brought a bed with flash
and flaming fierie streame.
The doubtfull Sire demaundes
the Oracles aduise:
Which tolde that damage by the babe
to Troie should arise.
The father gaue in charge
the childe should die the death:
The Dame deliuerde sought the meane
to saue hir Babe his breath.
A Hyard had the childe,
that growne to mans estate,
Of Oenon was enamoured,
and tooke hir to his Mate.
But when the Ladies stroue
for beautie, Paris gaue
His verdit on Dame Venus side:
that promisde he should haue
In token of good will,
a passing wench for hewe:
Meane while the Sire by secret signes
his sonne sir Paris knewe.

To

To Greece *the gallant goes*
and ſteales Atrides *wife,*
That was the cauſe of wailefull warre,
and roote of ranckling ſtriſe.
Which when Oenon *knewe*
(report had blazde it ſo)
Agreeude, ſhe made hir iuſt complaint:
and prayde him to forgo
The wrongfull Greekiſh rape,
and take hir to his Feere,
The wordes ſhe wrote with painfull Pen,
began as you ſhall heere.

The fift Epistle.

Oenone to Paris.

TO Paris that was once hir owne
though nowe it be not so,
From Ida, Oenon greeting sendes
as these hir letters show.
May not thy nouell wife endure
that thou my Pistle reade:
That they with Grecian fist were wrought
thou nedst not stand in dreade.
Pegasian Nymph renounde in Troie,
Oenone hight by name,
Of thee, (that were mine owne) complaine
if thou permit the same.
What froward God doth seke to barre
Oenone to be thine:
Or by what guilt haue I deserude
that Paris should decline:
Take paciently deserued wo
and neuer grutch at all:
But vndeserued wrongs will greue
a woman at the gall.
Scarce were thou of so noble fame,
as platly doth appere:
When I (the offspring of a flod)
did chose thee for my Fere.

And

And thou, who now art Priams ſonne,
(all reuerence layd apart)
Were tho a Hyard to beholde
when firſt thou wanſte my hart.
How oft haue we in ſhadow laine
whylſt hungry flocks haue fed?
How oft haue we of graſſe and greaues
prepard a homely bed?
How oft on ſimple ſtackes of ſtrawe
and bennet did we reſt?
How oft the dew and foggie miſt
our lodging hath oppreſt?
Who firſt diſcouerde thee the holtes
and Lawndes of lurcking game?
Who firſt diſplaide thée where the whelps
lay ſucking of their Dame?
I ſundry tymes haue holpe to pitch
thy toyles for want of ayde:
And forſt thy houndes to climbe the hilles
that gladly would haue ſtayde.
The boyſteous Beech Oenones name
in outward barke doth beare:
And with thy caruing knife is cut
Oenon euery wheare.
And as the trées in tyme do ware
ſo doth encreaſe my name:
Go to, grow on, erect your ſelues,
helpe to aduaunce my fame.

There growes (I minde it very well)
vpon a banck, a trée
Whereon there doth a freſh recorde
and will remaine of mæ.
Liue long thou happie trée, I ſay,
that on the brinck doſt ſtande:
And haſt ingraued in thy barke
theſe wordes, with Paris hande.
When paſtor *Paris* ſhall reuolte
and *Oenons* loue forgoe:
Then *Xanthus* waters ſhall recoile,
and to their Fountaynes floe.
Now Ryuer backwarde bend thy courſe,
let Xanthus ſtreame retier:
For Paris hath renownſt the Nymph
and prowde himſelfe a lier.
That curſed day bred all my dole,
the winter of my toy,
With clowdes of froward fortune fraught
procurde me this annoy:
When cankred craftie Iuno came
with Venus, (Nurce of loue)
And Pallas eke, that warlike wench,
their beauties pride to proue.
No ſoner heard I of that hap
which thou thy ſelfe didſt tell,
But ſtreight through all my quiuering bones
a trembling feare there fell.

And plunged all in doubtfull dread,
of aged folkes I sought
What might this gastly matter meane:
some haynous thing they thought.
Then with a trice the trées were cut,
the timber went to wrack:
And tallowed keales did forrow seas
and made the Cabels crack.
At parture saltish teares were shed
thou canst but say the same:
In fayth this latter loue of thine
deserues the greater shame.
Then showres of brackish brine began
of eyther side to raine:
And both repleate with griefe alike
at parture gan to plaine.
Not Bacchus braunches so embrace,
ne lymber limmes of vine
Enuiron that whereof it growes,
as thou this necke of mine.
How often were thou wroth with windes
when wyndes did serue thée well:
Thy iourney Mates began to smyle
when they thy sleights did smell.
How oft didst thou me swætely kisse
and then vnkisse againe:
How did thy (last adue) procure
thy foltring tongue to paine:

With wished wind thy sayles were stuft
that hong vpon thy Mast:
The waters warte as græne as grasse
th'Ores went on so fast.
With sight as long as sight would serue
thy Barcke I did pursue,
And when mine eye might sée no moze,
my hart began to rue.
To græne Neriedes I did sue
that thou mightst sone retyze:
And I (to further this my wo)
thy gainecome did desyze.
Whose comming is to others vse
pzocured by my sute:
(Alas) of all my traueyling toyle
a harlot hath the fruite.
A huge and haughtie hill there is
that gapes into the flood,
Repelling all the waltring waues
that beate his banck a good.
From thence I toke my pzime pzospect
and knew full well thy ship:
A sodaine ioy well nigh had made
me from the Mount to skip.
But whilst I stayde I saw in top
a purple banner shine:
Which colours made me sozе adzadde,
I knewe they were not thine.

The ſhip that ſlacked not to ſaile
came by and by to ſhore,
With quaking heart I ſaw a Laſſe
I neuer knewe before.
Ne yet could that perdie ſuffice,
(but wherefore made I ſtay?)
The hatefull harlot out of hande
hir manners did diſplay.
Then mourning gan I rent my Robes,
then beate I on my breſt:
And with vnfriendly fiſt my face
in wailefull wiſe was dreſt.
My yelling clamors Ida heard,
and witneſde all my woe:
I carred thither to my Cotte
my teares, that fell as ſnowe.
So graunt ye Gods that Helen rue
and ſpoyled of hir Make,
Of theſe my griefes procurde by hir
the greateſt ſhare may take.
Now haſt thou brought them home by ſeas
and ouer wandred waues.
That haue their loyall husbands fled
and left as lothſome ſlaues:
But when thou were in vile eſtate
and led a Hyards lyfe:
Poore Paris had but Oenon tho
to his appromued wyfe.

I am not thée that wayes thy wealth
thy Pallace mœues mée nought:
Ne to be Priams daughter I
by earnest sute haue sought.
Yet nædeleſſe is that Priam should
of such a daughter shame:
What should procure olde Hecuba,
to blush to be my Dame?
I well deserude, and very faine
a Princes spouse would bée:
A Scepter would beſœme my hande
and passing well agrée.
Though I with thée in open holte
amid the sedge were séene:
Disdaine me not, a purple bed
were fitter for a Quéene.
In fine my loue is voyde of dreade
thou nædste not warre at all:
Reuenger ships are not in sight
to sack the Troian wall.
But hatefull Helen is requirde
with wreakefull warre againe:
This is a daintie dowre in déede
where blodshed is the gaine.
Aske Hectors counsell in this case
where thou shouldst hir restore;
Deiphobus, Polydamas,
with other Troians more.

Let

Let sage Antenors tale be heard,
let Priam giue aduise:
For they by long expence of yeares
haue gotten to be wise.
It is a shamefull thing in déede
a strumpet to preferre:
The goodnesse of thy cause appeares,
the Grékes doe iustly warre.
Wayst thou assure hir to be true
or ought in hir affie,
Whom thou so quickly wanst with words
and made hir countrie flie?
As yong Atrides doth lament
and sorrow this his fate,
And takes in griefe a straunger should
enioy his wedded Mate:
So Paris shall in proceste proue
and sweare that gaged fayth
Once falsed, may not be restorde
till life doe ende by death.
Put case shée loue thee (Paris) well,
so did she loue the Gréeke:
But nowe the sely man is sole,
his Helen is to séeke.
Thrise happie was sir Hectors wife,
hir luck was passing good:
Thou shouldst haue followde Hectors trade
and to thy bargin stood.

More.

Woꝛe light art thou than partched leaues
when ſuck and ſap is loſt,
That with the winde foꝛ want of weight
from place to place are toſt.
In thée leſſe ſuretie to be found
than weight in beard of wheate,
That is ſurpꝛyſde with Sunnie rayes
and Phœbus feruent heate.
I call to mynde thy ſiſters ſawes
which tho I toke as vaine:
The Pꝛophetelle pꝛonownſt in pꝛouſe
that now is palling plaine.
What madneſſe makes thee thus inragde
to ſow thy ſéede in ſande:
O Nymph (ſhée ſayd) with bóteleſſe Plough
thou bꝛeakſte a barraine lande.
A Gréekiſh Hayker comes to Troie,
that both thy Countrie ſoyle
And thée, thy houſe, (which Gods foꝛefend)
will bꝛing to vtter foyle.
With ſpéede go ſinck that ſhamefull ſhip,
let dꝛowne the beaſtly Barcke
That fraughted is with Phꝛygian blood,
repleat with Troian carcke.
No ſoner had this Sibyll ſayde,
hir Vaſſels thought hir wode:
But I with quaking feare was rapt,
my heare erected ſtode.

Thy words (Cassandra) were of weight,
thou art a Sibyll true:
The Hayfer leapes within my leaze
that makes my hart to rue.
Surpassing though hir beautie bée
dishonest is hir life,
That leaues hir Countrie Gods, and is
become a straungers wife.
Once was she earst away conuayde
from Greece by Theseus theft:
I wote not by what Theseus, but
by Theseus was she reft.
Might she with Maidenhead make retyre
from such a wanton guest?
No, no, I know the trade of loue
as well as doth the best.
Well, pose it to be rape and stealth,
so cloake the crime with name:
Yet she that was so often wronge
assented to the same.
Oenon neuer swarude hir best
though Paris were vniust:
Of right thou shouldst haue béene beguilde
in whom was slender trust.
Sage, swift, and séemely Satyrs would
with me bœne coupled faine,
Whome they in leauy woods haue sought
with great and grieffull paine.

The

Oenone

The fonded Faunus oft in Ide
my friendſhip did requeſt:
Whoſe head with hurtleſſe hornes, and bow
of Pine was brauely drest.
The faithfull Phœbus (Troians truſt
and rampire) lœude me well:
Vntill ſuch time my daintie fruite
vnto ſir Phœbus fell,
And that by force: in proofe whereof,
I rent his golden heare,
And ſcratcht his face with froward fiſt,
the ſignes as yet appeare.
No Iewels I, ne Gemmes receiude
for filthie lukers hire:
T'is beaſtly ſo t'ingage the corps
for grœdie mucks deſire.
He dœmde it recompence ynough
his Phiſick to beſtowe:
My ſkilleſſe hande and barraine ſkull
he taught his Art to knowe.
What hearbe ſoeuer were of powre
or vertue to recure,
To learne his force and lurcking might
I could my ſelfe aſſure.
Aye me, the moſt vnhappie wench,
vnluckieſt vnder Sunne:
Though I in Phiſicke haue good ſight
by loue my ſkill is wunne.

Apollo

Apollo Phillick that deuiſde
Admetus flock did fæde:
And had his godly breſt incenſt
with Oenons partching glæde.
But Paris wotſt thou what? the health
that neyther hearbes may lende
Ne Gods may graunt, thy friendly fiſt
at once to me may ſende.
Thou canſt and I haue well deſerude,
take mercy of a Mayde:
I come not like a Græekiſh foe,
Atrides powre to ayde.
But thine I am and from thy youth
thy louer haue I bæne:
And will whilſt (lungs ſhall lende me breath)
thy faythfull friend be ſæne.

The Argument of the sixt Epistle, entituled Hypsiphyle to Iason.

THe Oracle pronownst
to Pelyas, that hee
Should then in daunger stande of death
when he did chaunce to see
One barefoote, doing rytes
vnto his fathers ghost:
T'was Iasons hap to meete him,
that by hap his shoe had lost
In flood Auaurus foord.
The Vncle waying than
The prophecie, to stand in doubt
of dreadfull death began,
To Colchos he perswades
the lustie youth to fleete
To fet the golden Fleese
A spoyle for such a Gallant meete,
In hope the daungers would
the wanton wight deuourde
Sir Iason with a troupe of Greekes
through choking chanell scourde.
At Lemnos he at length
and all his route arriude,
An Yle where cursed women had
their husbandes liues depriude.

Hypsiphyle

Hypſiphyle *the Queene*
did entertaine the Greeke
And all his traine for courteſie,
they neuer ſaw the like.
There two yeares he ſoiourndc,
his Mates at laſt beſpake
Their Captaine, and perſwade him thence
his voyage on to take.
The Queene was great with Babe,
away the Grecians go,
Ariude at Colch *he wanne the Fleeſe*
Medea *looude him ſo.*
The Conquerour conueyes
the Mayde with him to Greece,
Which Queene Hypſiphyle *hearing off,*
and of his pretie peece,
Repynde at Iaſon *ſore,*
that Medea *had poſſeſt:*
The place which ſhe had wonne before
by vſing well hir gueſt.
She ioyes at his returne,
the Witch ſhe felly hates,
And thus with ioyfull Iaſon *in*
hir Piſtle ſhe debates.

The ſixt Epiſtle.

Hypſiphyle to Jaſon.

THe flickring fame repoꝛtes
that to Theſſalia ſoyle
Thou art with luckie Barke returnde,
enricht with golden ſpoyle.
I ioy (as much as thou
wilt giue me leaue mine owne)
To heare thy health, but yet I ſhoulde
thereof by letter knowne.
For that thou ſhouldſt not leaue
my lande at thy returne
Unſéene: thou couldſt not haue the windes
to ſerue thy hoped turne.
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſent me lines
though weather did not ſerue:
I ſtande aſſurde that Hypſiphyl
a gréeting did deſerue.
Why came repoꝛt befoꝛe
thy Letters made me ſhowe,
That bluddy Mars his ſacred Bulles
the pinching yoke did knowe?
And that of ſcattred ſéede
there weapned wightes aroſe?
And that thy balefull hande was pꝛeſt
to deale them deadly bloſe?

And

And that the waker Fenne
the glittering ſpoyle did kæpe:
Which thou in fine with manly hande
haſt reft the ſhining ſhæpe:
To ſuch as hardly woulde
beleue the wonders tolde,
How bleſt were I, if I might vaunt
thus Iaſon wore. Beholde.
What ſhall I ſay thou haſt
not playde the huſbandes part:
So I be thine, thy friendſhip farre
ſurmounts my ſmall deſart.
The brute doth blaſt there is
a barbarous Witch arriude
With thæ, who hath me of my ſpouſe
and bridely bed depriude.
Loue lightly will beleue:
woulde God I might be ſed
A raſhfull dame, and falſe reports
of Iaſon to haue ſpred.
A gueſt of Theſſal came
from Hemus parts of late,
Who ſcarcely had ſet foote within
my vnaquainted gate.
How fares my loue (quoth I)
olde Æſons ſonne I pray:
But he with countnance caſt to ground
for ſhame had naught to ſay.

Then forth I ſkipt in haſte,
and renting mine attire:
Liues he (quoth I) or dos the fates
my death alſo require?
He liues (quoth he) an othe
in proufe thereof I craue:
I made him ſweare, yet to his Gods
I hardly credit gaue.
When to my ſelfe I came,
thy manfull actes to knowe
I long: and he how Mars his Bulles
had turnde the ſoyle did ſhowe.
He ſayde that ſnakie téth
for ſéede were caſt on lande:
And vpſtart men with armour clad
both ſwoorde and ſhielde in hande.
And that the earthly brode
in ciuill warre was ſlaine:
And in a day loſt ſodaine life
by ſodaine death againe.
And of the Serpents fall,
againe where Iaſon liues
I aſke. So hope and doubtfull dreade
for chiefeſt credit ſtriues.
Whilſt he eche thing diſplayes
deſirous for to prate:
He makes me ſhew how thou haſt wrongde
thy loyall ſpouſe of late.

O where is plighted faith?
where nuptiall othes and bande?
And that which ſhould bene caſt in flame,
I meane the ſpouſall brande?
Thou knowſte me not by ſtealth,
daime Iuno was in place,
(Who hath the marrige charge) and there
did Aymen ſhew his face.
But neyther Iuno did
nor Hymen holde the light:
Some furie fell with bloudſhot eyes
did fraime this cankred ſpight.
Why I with Minyes did deale?
or Pallas ſacred pine?
Or (Typhus) what haſt thou to doe
with any ſoyle of mine?
Here was no famous Ramme
with fleéſe of glowing golde:
In Lemnos was no Pallace for
your aged Prince to holde.
Firſt was I fully bent,
but deſtnie me withdrue,
By womans powre to put them off
and wandring gueſtes ſubdue:
For Lemnian Ladies knowe
to well to warre with men:
My life with ſuch a valiant troupe
ſhould haue bene garded then.

I gaue the man at once
my hostage and my hart:
For two yeares date thou werte with me,
and neuer didst depart.
When thirde Autumne came on
that thou of force were faine
To hoise thy sailes: these words thou spakste
with gushing teares amaine:
Mine owne I must depart,
if fortune say Amen,
From hence I passe thy spouse, and will
thy spouse repasse agen.
The Impe within my wombe
Gods graunt that it may liue:
And we his parents both yfeare
a decent name may giue.
Thus much (I minde) thou spakste,
when salted teares berainde
Thy falsed face, the remnant of
thy sermon was restrainde.
The last of all thy Mates
thou clambst the sacred Arge,
That spind along, thy sayles did strowte
they had so great a charge.
The ship was shoude a pace
vpon the grayish flood:
Thou threwst thine eyes to shore, and we
to seawarde lokte agood.

There

There standes a Turret by
that ouerlookes the place:
To whome I ranne, and did with teares
imbrue both breast and face.
I looked through my teares,
mine eye as friendly light
Had larger kenning than of course,
and farther stretcht his sight.
Adde thereunto my vowes:
and Prayers ioynde with dred:
Which sacred vowes I will perfit
since thou hast haply sped.
But shall I pay my vowes?
shall Medea them enioy?
My heart doth ake, and wrath with loue
combined doth annoy.
Shall I beare giftes to Church
or be at charge at all?
To lose my louing Iason should
there any Hayfer fall?
I was not calme in minde,
I alwayes stode in awe,
Thy father would not entertaine
in Greece a daughter lawe.
Of Greece I was in dréde,
but other worke my woe:
I haue receyude a hurt of one
whome earst I did not knowe.

By beautie nor desert
she wonne thée but by charme:
With Sorcerers Sythe she sheares the grasse
whereby she workes thy harme.
She sayes from woonted track
the waywarde Moone to wrie:
And dimme with duskie clowde the stéedes
that prawnce in open skie.
She bridles running streames
and fléeting flouds doth stay:
She makes the holts and ragged rocks
for ioy to skip and play.
Dissheueld with hir locks
she walks by buriall graues:
And certaine of the lothsome bones
from wasting flame she saues.
She curseth absent wightes,
of Waxe she pictures makes:
And prickes with pinnes the pensiue lungs
wherewith the bowels akes.
Thus Loue that should be wonne
with beautie and desart:
Is got (which would I had not tride)
by Herbes and hurtfull Art.
What? canst thou colle and clip
or sléepe in selfe same bed
With hir, deuoyde of waking care
and frée from carking dred?

As

As earſt ſhe yokte the Bulles
  ſo hath ſhe bound thee faſt:
And tamde thée, as the Dragons fell
  were conquerde by hir caſt.
So that ſhe ſpoyles both thée
  and all thy Mates of prayſe:
And by the meane of ſuch a wife
  the huſbandes fame decayes.
In Theſſalie are ſome
  to poyſon that impute
Thy factes: and there will be ynough
  which will beléeue the bruit.
Not this olde Æſons ſonne,
  but Oeetes daughter wrought:
T'was ſhe, not Iaſon, that the fléece
  of Golde from Colchos brought.
Aſke Alcimedes aduiſe,
  thy Dame doth this diſléeke:
Thy father eke from chilly Role
  who did a daughter ſeeke.
Let hir to Tanays go,
  and ſeeke in Scythian ſoyle
Hir louing ſpouſe, and gape for him
  from Phaſis farthéſt goyle.
Fie, faithleſſe Iaſon, fie,
  more light than windie blaſt:
Why doſt not thou thy painted wordes
  with déede confirme at laſt?

Thou

Thou partedst hence my spouse,
why art not so retournde?
O barre not that at gaincome which
at parture was not wournde.
If noble line thou like,
and gentrie moue thy minde:
That I King Thaos dearling was,
and daughter mayst thou finde.
My Grandsire Bacchus was,
and Bacchus wyfe ycrowndc
Doth farre surpasse the lesser lyghts
that hir enuiron rowndc
Lemnos shall be my dowze,
as fruitfull as the best
To such as there soiourne: and me,
accoumpt among the rest.
Who now am brought a bed,
let double ioy possesse
Thy heart, the father made the throwes
of trauaile sæme the lesse.
The number gladdes my minde,
(Lucina thanked bæ)
Of good successe, a luckie twinne
to light are brought by mæ.
Whose shape and shew they beare
if thou demaundc, I vaunt
Thou mayst be knowne by them, saue they
the fathers frawde doe want.

Whome

Whome I was euen at poynt
by Legates to conuay,
Saue that the cruell stepdame was
the onely cause of stay.
Medea made me dreade,
who iustly may be thought
Woze than a stepdame, with hir hande
ethe cursed fact is wrought.
She that hir brothers bones
and flesh could sling in fielde,
Rent first with cruell fist: would shé
haue ruth vpon my childe?
Yet hir the fame reportes,
(O woode and wretched wight)
That thou before thy Hypsiphyl
preferst with all thy might.
She going for a Wayde
hath playde a harlots cast:
But with vnspotted bridely chaine
we two were linckedfast.
Hir father she betrayde,
I saude king Thoas life,
She fled from Colch, in Lemnos I
remaine thy louing wife.
But whereto? if a drabbe
an honest woman winne?
And that hir crimes for iointure haue
and stead of dowrie binne?

I blame the Lemnian Maydes,
I muse not at their déede:
For dolour to the angrie will
bring weakefull toles with spéede.
Say on, if forste with windes
(as right did will thée doe)
Both thou and all thy troupe at once
my Port had commen to:
And I with this my brode
had met thée at the doore:
Then wouldst thou not haue wisht the gasping soyle the corps deuoure:
(Unthriftie) with what face
vpon those Babes and mée
Wouldst thou haue lokte: fie traitor what
had bene fit death for thée:
Thou mightst haue liude at ease
and safe by my consent:
Not for thou didst deserue so well,
but cause I did relent.
I with that witchesse bloud
my face should haue imbrude,
And Iasons eke, which with hir herbes
the Harlot did delude.
To Medea I shoulde
haue béene Medea then,
(And if in skies be any Ioue
that will giue eare to men)

As

As Hypsiphyle doth plaine
and sob alone hir fill:
So let that beast (Medea) mourne
plagude with hir bandie skill.
And as I lose my Impes
and am bereft my Make:
So graunt, that hir as many babes
and husband may forsake.
Ne that she may retaine
but leaue with woorser hap
Ill gotten goods: and banisht begge
hir breade with dish and clap,
As louing sister shée,
and daughter eke hath béene
To Father and to brother both:
Gods graunt she may be séene
So spitefull to hir Spouse,
and armde with yrefull rage
Euen to hir tender children whome
she ought to garde in age.
When sea and lande she hath
consumde, vp to the skie
Let hir go rangle like a Rogue
and by selfeslaughter die.
Thus I bereft my spouse
King Thaos daughter pray:
In cursed Cabbin leade your liues
you beastly folkes I say.

The Argument of the vij. Epistle, entituled Dido to Aeneas.

WHen Priam was oppresst
and Troie brought to sack,
Æneas with his aged Sire
and Reliques on his back,
Ingagde himselfe to seas
and shope his course aright:
But yet at length it was his lucke
on Libie lande to light
By force of froward floud,
where Dido gan to rayse
A stately towne. The courteous Queene
the wandring Troian prayes
To make abode with hir:
she lykte Æneas so,
As hostage with hir heart at once
on him she did bestow.
The messenger at length
from mightie Ioue was sent
To new Carthago to demaunde
the Troian what he ment
In Libie lande to lodge
and loyter so in loue,
And not to seeke the lotted lande,
that was for his behoue.

Awa

The Argument.

Away the Troian trudgde,
whose will when Dido *knew*
Was fully bent to leaue hir lande:
the Princesse gan to sue,
That eyther he would staye
according to his hest,
Or graunt hir space to banish griefe
from hir agrieued brest.
When she had wasted wordes
and many teares yshed,
At point of death the quiuering Queene
Thus to Aeneas sed.

The.vij.Epiſtle.

Dido to Æneas.

EVen ſo when fates doe call
yſtretcht in moyſted ſpring,
Upon Meanders winding banckes
the ſnowiſhe Swanne doth ſing.
Not for I thinke my wordes
may ought preuaile I write:
For why, I know the haughtie Gods,
at this my purpoſe ſpite.
But ſince my fame, my corps,
and ſpotleſſe minde are loſt
By cankred hap: to waſte my wordes
I reck it little coſt.
Now art thou bent to paſſe
and leaue poore Dido ſo:
And with the ſelfe ſame windes thy sayles
and fickle faith ſhall go.
Æneas now thou mindſte
thy Nauie with thy bowe
To loſe: and ſéeke Italia lande
but where, thou doſte not knowe.
Not Carthage built anewe,
ne yet the riſing wall,
No not my ſtately Scepter may
conuert thy minde at all.

Thou

Thou fléest the thing achiude
for those that are not donne:
Thou hast bene in one lande, and now
wilt to another runne.
Suppose thou finde an Ile,
who will giue thee the place
To rule? will any yelde his soyle
to men of forraine race?
New loue remaynes for thee
another Dido eake,
With other troth to be impawnde,
which thou agayne mayst breake.
When will it be that thou
wilt builde Carthagos peere?
Or bewe from Turrets top a troupe
of such as soiourne heere?
Though all these came to passe
and thou hadst wish at will:
Yet where wouldst thou haue such a spouse
to beare thée like good will?
Euen as a waxen Torch
with Sulphur toucht I burne
Both day and night to Didos thought
Æneas makes returne.
Euen that vngratefull guest
that scornes the gifts I gaue:
And he, whome I might want full well
as wisedomes lore doth craue.

Yet hate I not the man
though he deserue despight:
But make complaint of his vntruth,
and lesse imbrace the wight.
O Venus, vse hir well
that married with thy sonne:
O Cupide, friende thy brother, let
him in thy number ronne:
Or else let him (for why
I ne disdaine to loue)
Wt home I began to kancie, force
me greater cares to proue.
I see I am deceyude,
his Image bleard my sight:
Ye differs from his mothers trade
and swarues hir maners quight.
The rocks and ragged hilles
and Okes in Mountaynes bred,
Begat, and thou of brutall beasts
in desert hast bene fed,
Or of the gulfe, which nowe
thou seest turmoylde with winde:
On whom (though waues rebell) to passe
thou fired hast thy minde.
Why? whither flees? the stormes
doe rage; let stormes haue powre
To ayde my case, see how the seas
doe surge with Eurus scowre.

Let

Let me indebted be
to stormes, for that which I
Had rather owe to thée: more iust
than whome the waues I trie.
I am not so much worth,
(though thy desert be small)
That fixing me by waltring Seas
thou lose thy life and all.
Thy hate is deare in déede
and of no slender price,
If whilst thou go from me, to die
thou reck it but a trice.
Within a while the Seas
will cease their swelling tide:
And Triton with his grayish Stéedes
on calmed waues will ride.
O that with windes thou wouldst
exchaunge thy ruthlesse minde:
And so thou wilt vnlesse of Okes
thou passe the stubborne kinde.
What if thou didst not knowe
how raging Seas could roze?
Yet thou that hast so often tride
wilt trauaile as before?
Though waues were neuer so smoth
when thou shouldst leaue the bay:
Yet dure and dolefull things God wote
might happen by the way.

And further, they that falſe
their faith in daunger are
On perillous ſeas: the place with them
for treaſons guilt doth warre.
And moſt when loue is wrongde,
cauſe Venus hath bene thought
T'haue had hir offpring of the waues
that in Cytheris wrought.
I feare leaſt I vndone
ſhall be thy cauſe of woe:
Or leaſt by wrack of ſhip I ſhould
endaunger thée my foe.
I pray thée liue, for ſo
I may reuenged bée
Farre better than by death: thou ſhalt
be ſaide to murther mée.
Put caſe that thou were caught
with ſway of whirling winde:
(But vaine be this abodement fell)
what then would be thy minde?
Then wouldſt thou oft reuoke
to thought the Phrygian tongue,
That did pronounce the periurde talke
which wrought poore Didos wrong.
Before thine eyes the forme
and Idoll of thy Fære
Deceyude, would ſtande in ſaddeſt ſort,
with bloudie feltred hære.

Thy selfe would graunt, thou hadst
deserude these torments all:
And thinke the thunder cast on thée
what so should hap to fall.
Wherefore giue time to wrath
and rage of roaring flood:
Great is the price of little stay,
thy passage will be good.
Hast no respect to me?
yet spare Iülus breath:
Sufficeth thée to haue bene thought
the Author of my death.
What pore Ascanius hath
or Countrie Gods deserude?
The Sea shall sinke the Saints, which were
from Phrygian flame preserude.
But neyther thou thy Sire
ne priuate Gods didst beare
Upon thy back: thy vaunting crakes
these to Elisa were,
Thou lyest at euery worde,
not now thy tongue doth ginne
To glose, ne I the first in trap
and guilefull snare hath binne.
If question were what of
Iülus Dame became:
Hir cruell husbande hir forsoke
to his eternall shame.

This thou to me displaylte,
which made my brest to bende:
Much soner will my torment finde
than this my crime an ende.
And I doe nothing doubt
but that thy guiltie minde
Will thée condemne. Thou seauen yeares space
no resting place couldst finde.
At length I gaue thée porte,
cast vp on bliskull shore:
And did inkesse thée with my Realme
thy name scarce tolde before.
Would Gods this had bene all
the friendship I had showne:
And that report of bedding had
not bene so lightly blowne.
That day procurde my bale
in which for sodaine raine
That pourde adowne, to couch in one
selfe Caue we both were faine.
I heard a voyce, I thought
the Nymphes had howlde for ioy:
But they were Furies that forespake
of this my fell annoy.
Now broken faith I owde
to olde Sychæus name,
On me take vengeance, that to Hell
must go bereft of shame.

In shrine of Marble made
I haue Sychæus bones,
Whom boughes and snowwhite flæses shrowde
appointed for the nones.
Foure times with wonted mouth
he callde me to the place:
To whom with whispering voyce, he said
come Dido, come apace.
Without delay I came
sometime thy wedded Fære:
But this my shamefull fact procurde
mee slacker to appære.
Forgiue my fault, alikes
loe man hath me betrayde:
And one that hatred of the fact
and foule despight hath stayde.
His Dame a heauenly wight,
his Sire on shoulders borne
Did force me iudge he would haue stayde,
and not haue bene forsworne.
If nædes I must haue errde,
this error hath a showe
Of iust pretence: Be true and then
I shall not yrke it so.
But as my life at first
vnluckie was begonne:
Euen so the tenor of the same
to latter day doth ronne.

At sacred Altars slaine
my husband fell to ground,
And of the fact the spoyle vnto
Pigmalion did redound.
I as a wight exilde
my natiue soyle did lose:
And left the cinders of my spouse
pursude by wreakfull fose.
At length escaping seas
and brothers wrath, was brought
To coast vnknowne, where all the soyle
I gaue to thee I bought.
I framde it vp a towne,
and with farre stretching wall
Enuironde it, to neighbour townes
which was a deadly gall.
Then battels broyle began,
with warre a forraine wight,
And siely woman was pursude
when gates was scarcely pight.
A thousand suters came
which ioyntly did complaine
That I a raskall had preferde,
and had them in disdaine.
Why staggerest thou to yælde
me to Hiarbas handes?
My selfe will stretch mine armes abrode
to bide thy cursed bandes.

I haue a brother eke
whose hungrie hande doth long
For Didos bloud, as earst it did
Sichæus life to wrong.
Lay downe thy Gods prophande
and reliques brought to lande:
It fittes thée not such sacred things
to touch with hurtfull hande.
If thou of force were he
that should transport the same,
Reserude from fire; no force had béene
if they had burnt in flame.
(Unthrift) perhaps thou leauste
thy Dido great with childe:
And in my wombe is part of thee
whom thou hast so beguilde.
The Wiser Impe will adde
vnto his Mothers death:
So thou shalt kill a sielie babe
that neuer tasted breath.
Iülus brother with
his Dame shall so be slaine:
And one selfe torment shall bereue
the liuely powres of twaine.
But God doth force thee flee,
would God had kept away
Such guilefull guests, and Troians had
in Carthage made no stay.

No

No doubt that God procures
the wayward windes to blowe:
And makes thee waste the wearie time
in sandie seas so slowe.
As when that Hector liude
if Troie stode againe:
To passe to Troie thou scarcely shouldst
endure a greater paine.
But not to Symois thou
but Tiber mindes to passe:
Arriued there, yet shalt thou be
a straunger naythelasse.
Thou sækst a lurcking lande
and vncouth place to holde:
Which scarce will be thy lot to finde
till thou be waxen olde.
Ambages layde apart,
moze better were foz thée
Pigmalions welth to haue in hande
and sojourne here with mée.
With luckie hap to Tyre
thy Troian stock transpozt:
And sacred Scepture holde in hande
in place of Pzincely pozt.
But if thou long foz warre,
oz yong Iülus sæke
By manly Wart to purchase pzaise
and giue his foes the glæke:

Cause

Cause naught shall want, he shall
haue foes to wreake his wrath:
This place of lawes and armes good store
and broyling battailes hath.
For olde Anchises sake
and bowe of Venus Boie:
For all those sacred Gods which thou
hast safely brought from Troie.
So Gods agrée that they
which from thy Countrie came,
May *Victors* be, and all mishap
conuert to gladsome game:
And yong Ascanius liue
white siluer lockes to haue,
And olde Anchises brused bones
may lodge in quiet graue:
I pray thee spare the house
that yéeldes it selfe to thée,
Saue that I woude, what crime at all
mayst thou impute to mee?
Not I from Pthia came,
ne from the Mycene lyne:
My husbande ne my father were
no spitefull foes of thine.
Thine Hostesse let me bee
if of thy spouse thou shame:
So I remaine thy Dido still
I force not on the name.

The

The waues on Afrus bankes
that beate I know full well:
Sometime they fauour passengers,
sometimes they doe rebell.
Then launch thy ship from shore
when weather doth applie:
But now the wædes will let thy Barck
on waltring seas to hie.
Giue me in charge to marke
the tyde, and then be bolde
To furrow flouds: though thou wouldst stay
then will I not withholde.
Thy wearie wandring Mates
doe lacke and loke for rest:
Thy Maute faine would stay, till time
hir tackle were adrest.
For my desertes and that
which after I shall owe
To thæ, for marrige hope doe not
as yet thy thrall forgo:
Till surge of seas doe cease
and loue doe temper trade:
Meane while for to sustaine the worst
I stronger shall be made.
If not, I minde to waste
my lothsome life ere long:
It is but for a time that thou
shalt worke pore Dido wrong.

Myne image whilſt I write
O that thou ſawſte with eye:
I write, and in my lap the while
thy Troian ſwoorde doth lye:
Downe by my chéekes the teares
vpon the weapon fall:
Which now in ſteade of brine with bloud
ſhall be imbrued all.
Full well thy giftes agrée
to this my wrethed fate;
My graue ſhall be ſmall charge to thée
vnfitting to my ſtate.
Not now my breaſt at furſt
with cruell Launce is pierſt
That place with dure and deadly dint
hath Cupid crazed earſt.
Thou ſiſter (Anne) that waſt
of counſell in this caſe:
Now offer vp thy latter bone
to Dido in the place.
When that my corps is burnt,
I will not then be ſed
Sichæus Dido: on my Herſe
this ſcripture ſhall be red.
Aeneas gaue the cauſe
And ſworde wherewith I dyde:
But deſperate *Dido* on hir ſelfe
hir ruthleſſe hande hath tryde.

The Argument of the viij. Epistle, entituled Hermione to Orestes.

BEfore the stirre at Troie to Pirrhus was
Hermion by sir Menelaus behight:
The father hauing cause from Greece to passe
To quaile the courage of his foes in fight,
Left all the rule to Tyndarus, that than
Despoused Hermion to another man.

Orestes had a promise of the peece,
Who thought himselfe assured of a Mate:
But when prowde Pirrhus made returne to Greece
He reft the Mayde whom she pursude with bate:
For that in deede she looude Orestes so,
As loth she was with Achylls sonne to go.

But choyse was none to choose: she naythelasse
By secret stealth aduertisde him that shee
Might rescude be, and from his prison passe.
Which fell in fine: for when Ægysthus bee
The Lecher had despoylde and Mother cake,
Orestes gaue Achylles Sonne the gleake.

The

Hermione to Oreſtes.

TO him that both my ſpouſe of late
and brother was I wright:
My brother now, for of my ſpouſe
another hath the right.
That Pyrrhus, that Achylls ſteps
for courage doth enſue:
Gainſt law and right hath cloſde me vp,
and kéepes me faſt in mue:
As much as lay in me to doe
I ſtowtly did withſtande:
But I coulde doe no more than might
a weake and womans hande.
What doſt thou (Pyrrhus) now quoth I:
will none reuenged bée
Thinkſt thou: I am but as a Mayden ſeruant vnto thée.
Ye dyffer than the ruthleſſe waues
when I (Oreſtes) caulde:
Ye by the locks with cruell hande
into his Cabbin haulde.
If Troian Dames me thrall had tane
or Lacedemon wonne:
I ſhould no worſe haue bene abuſde
than now by Achylls ſonne.

More

More friendly found Andromache
Achaias famous soyle:
When with the gastly Grecian flame
the Troian welth did broyle.
But oh Orestes (if to mée
thou haue respect at all)
Lay hands on that which is thine owne,
and to thy bootie fall.
What? if by falshode from thy solde
thy flock be borne away,
Wilt thou take armes? and for thy spouse
to fight in fielde wilt stay?
Let Menelaus myrrour bée
that for his rapted wife
Did vndertake such honest warre
and stirde such stately strife.
Who if had slept and slugde at home
or loytred like an Asse:
My Dame had bene to Paris linckt,
as to my Sire she was.
Thou hast no nede a thousand ships,
or bending sayles to haue,
Nor any Grékish Souldiers helpe,
thy onely ayde I craue.
Yet rather so (than not at all)
I should be set againe:
Tis famous for a man to fight
if wedlock suffer staine.

What? was not Grandſire to vs both
Atreus king Pelops ſonne?
At leaſt thou art my brother, if
the marrige were vndonne.
I praye thee Brother, helpe thy Si-
ſter, huſband helpe thy Feere,
A dubble title will procure
thee in my cauſe to ſteere.
My Grandſire for his aged yeares
and wiſedome paſſing graue,
(Who of his Peere had all the rule)
mee to Oreſtes gaue:
To Pyrrhus not acquainted with
the match, my father vowde:
But moſt of both my Grandſires deede
as eldeſt ſhould be allowde.
When I with thee conioynde, I wrongde
none by my ſpouſall right,
But if I lincke with Pyrrhus, then
from thee I am not quight.
My father Menelaus will
wincke at my fact I knowe:
For cauſe himſelfe hath felt the force
of winged Cupids bowe.
That will he graunt his ſonne in lawe
which he himſelfe hath lowde:
My Dames example aydes my caſe
that Venus ſports hath prowde.

Loke what my Sire is to my Dame,
euen that art thou to mée:
The slipper practise Paris playde,
with Pyrrhus doth agree.
And he is stowte and stately for
the facies hys Syze hath donne:
So thou mayst bragge and boast vpon
the spoyles thy father wonne.
Who all the troupe of Tantals traine,
Achylles eke did leade:
A chiefetaine he among the Dukes,
a Souldier stowte at neade.
Thy grandsire great King Pelops was,
and Pelops worthie Sire,
And if thou count aright from Ioue
thou art the fift esquire.
Thy manhode is well knowne ynough,
thou foughtst I wote well whan:
But what shouldst thou doe in that case?
thy mother slue the man.
Would God vpon a better cause
thy stowtnesse had bene wrought:
Yet dare I vaunt the cause was giuen
to thée, and neuer sought.
But thou didst bring it to effect
that Ægythe did with goze
Of gaping wound defile the flours
as had thy Syze before.

And therfore Pyrrhus often prates,
and to reproch doth wrye
Thy earned prayſe, and yet endures
my preſence with his eye.
I fret, and as my face doth puffe,
ſo ſwelles mine inwarde minde:
And burning breaſt with ſilent flame
of dolor ſcorcht I finde.
Before Hermions face imbrayded ſhould Oreſtes bée:
I want but force and brainſick blade
to be reuengde for thée.
But wéepe and wayle I may my fill
which leſſens part of woe:
And downe on eyther ſide my face
my teares as condutes floe.
Them only to commaunde I haue,
and out I poure them ſtill:
Alongſt my ſtayned chéekes eche houre
the welling teares doe trill.
This fortune followes all our race
and to our age is brought:
And all that are of Tantals line
a ſéemly rape are thought.
I will not here alleage the lyes
of falſe and fayned Swanne:
Ne yet complaine that Ioue in plume
did lurck both God and manne.

Where Isthmos stretching out at length
two Seas did so deuide:
Hippodamie on waren wheéles
and counterfait cart did ride.
Faire Helen once conuaide away
by craftie Theseus traine,
By Castor and sir Pollux was
in fine restorde againe.
The selfesame Ladie through the seas
by Troian guest was brought:
For whome the noble Grækish Péeres
in wreakfull maner fought.
I scarce remembred, yet I minde
how tho the people wept,
In mournefull mode: and dismoll dreade
into their hearts it crept.
The Grandsire groned, the sister sobde,
the brothers gan to broyle:
Lamenting Leda with the Gods
and Ioue did kœpe a coyle.
And I with locks not long as then
rent all about my hed
Exclaimde, O mother leaust me thus:
and from thy childe art fled:
(For then hir husbande was a lacke)
and least I should be sed
No Impe of Pelops brode, I am
a praye by Pyrrhus led.

O that Achylles had bene free
and ſcapte Apollos bowe:
Then would he blame the beaſtly rage
of Pyrrhus pride I knowe.
It never pleaſde, ne now would lyke
Achylles, if he liude,
To heare a wifebounde Wight lament
of liked loue deprsiude.
What guilt of mine hath made the Gods
and heauenly powres ſo rage:
What curſed ſtarre might I accuſe
to gouerne this my age:
My dame I was bereft in youth,
my father waged warre:
And though they both did liue, yet I
from them was kept a farre.
Not I to thee in tender yeares,
nor Cradell clowtes did crie
Deare mother mine: nor from my lippes
the liſping wordes did flie.
Ne did I with my pliant armes,
thy ſeemely neck enfolde:
Nor thou vpon thy louing lap
thy babling Brat didſt holde.
No carke of clothing me, ne care
did pierce thy penſiue breſt:
Ne didſt thou cauſe a marrige bed
for Bridewife to be dreſt.

But when thou didst returne againe
(the troth I not denie)
I met thée, but my mothers face
I could not then descrie.
But for thy beautie did surpasse,
for Helen thée I toke:
And thou didst make enquirie then,
and for thy daughter lokes,
God hap in one respect I had,
that Oreste was my Make:
But he vnlesse he fight it out
Hermion must forsake.
Yée Pyrrhus as a Vassell kæpes
though *Victor* be my Sire:
This godly guerdon haue I gainde
for Troie burnt with fire.
When golden Titan ginnes to guide
his glistering stædes by day,
Then I (vnhappie wench) some ease
of pensiue paine assay.
No soner blackfaste night doth growe,
in howling sort I hie
Vnto my cankred carefull chouche
appointed there to lie.
In place of swéete and slumbring slæpe
mine eyes with teares doe floe:
And from the man in all post haste
I flée as from a foe.

Oft times miſhaps doe make me muſe,
vnmindefull of my caſe
I touch with hand prowde Pyrrhus parts
vnwitting of the place.
I leaue to touch the man as ſone
as euer I know the fact:
And thinke my handes polluted ſtraight
with ſuch a ſhamefull act.
Oft times for Neoptolems name
Oreſtes doe I call:
And loue the errour of my tongue
right well content withall.
I ſweare by this vnluckie lyne
and Lord of all the race,
That lande and ſeas yea haughtie ſkies
afrayes with frowning face:
And by the bones of him that was
mine Vncle and thy Sire:
Who owes thée for reuenge of thoſe
that did his death conſpire:
Or I will in theſe flowing yeares
abandon lothſome life:
Or I (that came of Tantals brode)
will be Oreſtes wife.

The Argument of the *ix. Epistle, entituled*

Deianeira to Hercules.

THe heauie stepdame Iuno *by hir fraude*
And friende Eurystheus, *purposde to destroy*
Alcydes: *for the Prince of* Mycene *lande*
Stirrde him to conquer monsters. But with laude
And life he scapte away, nor had annoy
By any beast the Champion tooke in hande:
Bulles, Dragons, Dogges, and Semitaures he slewe,
And aye more greene his gotten glorie grewe.
He conquerde all till filthie loue at length
Of King Eurytus *daughter made him thrall,*
Whose Sire and Countrie he had earst atchiude:
Fled was his force, stint was his stately strength,
To spinne and carde he thought no shame at all,
Nor of his Lions spoyle to be depriude:
Which Deianeira *hearing by report,*
(His louing wife) sent to him in this sort.
Amid whose lynes and letters that she wrought
Came newes (a dolefull thing to written heere)
And tidings, that the Shirt the wife had sent
Alcydes *bane, and spitefull spoyle had brought,*
The louing wife had slaine hir manly Feere,
Which she poore sielie woman neuer ment.
But to requite hir husbands death with paine,
At point to hang hir selfe thus gan she plaine.

Deianeira to Hercules.

DEchalia to be wonne
I ioy to heare the fame:
It grieues me that the *Victor* ſhould
haue yéelded to the ſame.
Repoꝛt was bꝛought of late
to Grecia that agrées
Full yll with any fact of thine
the tales we hearde were theſe,
That whome not Iuno coulde
noꝛ dꝛeadfull trauailes foyle,
The ſelfeſame man had Iole made
in ſeruage yoke to toyle.
Euryſtheus woulde it ſo,
and Iuno paſſing faine
Would learne that thou with ſuch a crime
thy foꝛmer facts would ſtaine.
What? twas not thou I trowe
that coulde not be conceyude.
In one whole night? I thinke herein
my ſelfe to be deceyude.
Moꝛe domage Venus doth
than Iuno earſt to thee
This rayſde thée vp by ſpitefull hate,
ſhee makes thée bende I ſée.

Beholde

Deianeira

Beholde the worlde by thée
that liues at quiet ease,
As wyde as watrie Nereus gyrdes
the ground with frothie seas.
The greater part of earth,
and all the flouds as farre
As both Apollos looges reache
to thée indebted are.
The Skies thou hast sustaynde
that shall thy carkasse beare:
And Atlas holpe thée at a pinch
when thou to wearie were.
But what saue open shame
by these thy facts is got?
If those thy valiant feates of armes
with bawdie rule thou blot?
Doe men report that thou
(for Ioue a worthie chylde)
In cradle crasht two crawling Snakes?
in fayth they are beguilde.
That Babe was better farre
than is this bourely man:
Thou nothing makste an ende so well
as thou thy déedes began.
Whome not a thousand beastes
nor Stenelcus atchiude,
Nor Iuno could for all his spite:
hath craftie Cupid giude.

But

But for I am the wife
of Hercules, and hæ
My fatherlaw that guides the Skies
and lets the thunder flée:
I am surmisde a happie Dame
and maried well to bée.
How yll vnegall Stéeres
in painefull Plough accorde:
So yll a simple woman matcht
with such a stately Lorde.
No honour commes thereby
but burthen and debate:
Who so wilt well be wedded, wed
with one of thine estate.
My husband is alack,
my spouse is absent aye:
A straunger better knowne to mée,
he dreadfull beasts doth stay.
I in my desert home
doe naught but wishe affright,
And sore tormented least my spouse
be spoylde of foes in fight.
Amid the Serpents I
and grædie Lions pawes,
And tusked Boares am tost, in feare
I stand of gaping iawes:
Of Dogs, that with their téeth from bones
will rent thy flesh by flawes.

Nota.

And mée debowled beastes,
and ydle dreames of night,
With griesly pictures of the dead
doe make me sore afright.
For fléeting fame I hunt
and rumors rashly spred:
By doubtfull hope is feare exilde,
and hope by feare is fled.
Thy Mother is alack,
and grieuously doth grutch
That to haue lykte the mightie Ioue
hir destinie was such.
Amphitryon is away,
whome men surmisoe to béene
Thy Syre: and Hyll the stripling eke
of vs can not be séene.
Eurystheus that doth forge
the cruell Iunos wrath
Is felt of vs: endurde to long
the Goddesse anger hath.
But these are trifles, oh,
thou addest forraine loue:
And eche may be a Mother made
by thée that list to proue.
I spare to speake as nowe
of Auge whome ere while,
(Alcide) amid Parthenian vales
thou fowly didst defile.

And thée (Aſtydame) I minde
of purpoſe to concile.
Ne meanes thy wife God wote
Teuthrancian trulles to name
(Of whom there ſcapte not one vntoucht)
to bræde thy farther ſhame.
A recent crime there is
a fowle yll fauorde iade,
That vnto Lamus mæ of late
a mother law hath made.
Meander (that ſo oft
in one ſelfe circle ronnes,
And eke rebounding waues againe
vpon his ſhoulders, ſhonnes)
Saw when about thy neck
there hong a chaine of golde:
That neck that thought the burthen light
the Welkin to vpholde.
What? didſt thou nothing ſhame
thoſe brawned armes of thine,
With Goldſmiths worke, w̃ glittring Gemmes
and owches braue to bine?
Euen thoſe ſelfe armes (I ſay)
the Lions life that reft:
Whoſe noble ſpoyle for mantell ſerues
vpon thy ſhoulder left?
What? didſt thou dare alo
vpon thy curled heare,

(For which a Popple sitter was)
a mitred Hat to weare:
Ne didst thou blushe in guise
of Lydian Lasse to don
A silken Scarfe, and Riband fine
thy bourly waste vpon:
Was Diomede forgot
that cruell Carle then:
That fatted vp his trampling Steedes
with flesh of murthred men:
In such a nice attire
if Busyre thée had sæne:
No doubt he woulde haue scornde of thée
yconquerde so to bæne.
Let Antæus lose for shame
these iewels from thy throte,
For feare he loth that thou the palme
in wrestling collars gote.
Tis blasted that thou stoodste
of womans threates in awe,
And eake amyd Meonyan Maydes
the twisted twine didst drawe.
What: didst thou nothing shame
that hande with Flare to foyle,
That had long earst in valiant fight
ygot so many a spoyle:
With thwacking thumbs thou drawste
a verie boysteous threede:

And to thy ſtately Myſtreſſe yéeldſt
a iuſt account with dréede.
How often whilſt thou ſponne
with fingers nothing fine,
Amid thy crabbed cruſhing handes
hath crackt the twiſted twine:
And ſtanding of the whip
in trembling feare, they ſay
That thou before thy Myſtreſſe féets
in dreade of laſhing lay.
And ſpoyles ylayde apart
of gotten prayes the price,
Thou toldſte thy déedes that ſhould bene tho
concealde in any wiſe.
To wit, in cradle how
the crawling Snakes thou ſlue:
And rent their gaping iawes in two
and did their force ſubdue.
And how Tegæan Boare
in Erymanthus lyes:
And with his weight doth wrong the ground,
ſo monſtrous is his eyes.
Thou doſt not let to tell
of Diomedes hed
Fixt on his Thracian gate, his Steedes
with fleſh of man that fed.
And of the tryple beaſt
Geryon thou didſt boaſt:

That

That for his heird the welthiest was
in all the Spanish coast.
And of the hellish hounde,
that Cerberus was height
(Thræ headed Curre,) whose pate with locks
of Snakes was fowly freight.
The serpent eke, whose woundes
reserude him from the death,
And gashing scotches giuen afresh
infect with bitter breath.
And how Antæus hong
with broken iawes betwyne
The left side (an vlfauourde wight)
and shoulders right behyne.
Ne dost thou thus conceale
how Centaurs thou didst chase
(That double shaped were, and darste
not trust their legges in place)
Athwart Thessalian craggie cliffes,
and made them runne apace.
And canst thou clad perdie
in Sidon soft aray,
And womans nyce attyre, for shame
haue any worde to say?
Beside the Iardan Nymph
vpon hir shoulders thrue
Thine armour, and did conquer thee
that Monsters didst subdue.

Go now, and prowdely vaunt
thy noble dædes of faine:
A man thou shouldst not bene of right
the bett deserude the same.
Than whome so much thou art
inferiour, how much more
Thou stronger were than such as thou
hadst slaine with hande before.
She hath atchiude the fame
of all thy former dédes:
To hir as to thy lawfull heyre
thy purchasde prayse procédes.
Oh, shame: the shagheard case
the Lyons ribbes bereft,
Enuironde rownde a womans corps
and to hir carkasse cleft.
Tushe, thou art foule deceyude,
no Lions spoyle it is,
But thine, thou slewste the beast, and shé
hath conquerde thée ywis.
A woman bare thy darts
with venom ranck that weare
And Hydras beastly bloud imbrude,
in hande that scarce coulde beare
A Distaffe fraught with Flaxe:
thy knarrie club she helde,
And gazing in a shining glasse
thine armour she beheldе.

This bruite I heard, but gaue
no credit to the same,
But yet from eare some part of griefe
vnto my senses came.
But now before my face
- the hatefull Whore doth ride:
Nor I the secrete smart I féele
haue farther powre to hide.
Thou wilt not haue hir gone,
shée passeth through the stréete
A captiue: whome of force we sée,
not as a captiue méete:
With tresses hanging downe
declaring hir estate,
And hidden face to shew that chaunce
hath giuen hir the Mate:
But braue in beaten golde
she passeth to and fro:
As thou ere this in Phrygia were
accustomed to go.
From stately seate she yéeldes
the people such a chéere,
As though Oechalia stode againe
and eke hir father déere
Did liue, and thou (Alcydes) by
Eurytus conquerde wére.
Perhaps diuorcement made
twixt Deianeire and thée,

No

No moze thy dzabbe this hatefull whoze
but wedded wife shall bee.
Th'abodement makes me feare,
the chillie colde my coze
Doth ouercomme, my hande doth lie
in bed withouten foze.
And mée among the rest
a wife with honest zeale
Thou hast pursude: I causde thée twise
with warlike toles to deale.
Foz Achelous vp
his bzoken hoznes did take
With dzérie chéere that laye disperst,
and hid in durtie Lake
His maimed front and crowne yerackt
foz Deianeiras sake.
The Monster Nessus with
thy deadly darte was slaine,
And with his Hozses gozie bloud
the waters did distaine.
But whereto wzite I this?
foz tidings now is bzought,
The shirt I gaue my husbande hath
his cruell death ywzought.
Aye me, what haue I done?
what fozste me thys to trie?
O Deianeira, O cursed wench,
why dost thou doubt to die?

And shall thy noble Fére
in Oeta Mount be rent:
And thou suruiue that were the cause
and wrought that foule intent:
What now remaynes to make
a perfite prufe that I
Was Hercles wife: the truth therein
my dolefull death shall trie.
Thou Meleager in mée
thy sister shalt descrie:
O Deianeire, O cursed wench
why dosse thou doubt to die:
O linage of missehap,
O hapleste house I say:
My aged Syre Oeneus liues
at point of last decay.
Tydeus my brother is
a pure exiled squire,
The tother fryde by Mothers meanes
aliue in fatall fire.
My Dame vpon hir Corps
the cruell sworde did trie:
O Deianeire, O cursed wench,
why dosse thou doubt to die:
By geniall rights I craue
this onely thing of thée
Not to surmise this wicked death
of purpose ment by mée.

For Nessus stroke with Dart,
declarde me that his blood
Would forcen loue, and said it was
for that exceeding good.
I sent a Shirt to thée
imbrude therewith to trie:
O Deianeire, O cursed wench,
why dosse thou doubt to die?
Now crooked Sire farewell,
and sister Gorge adue:
Thou Countrie with my brother exilde,
farewell I say to you.
And thou that art so lyke
to be the latter light
Mine eyes shall sée: and Hercules
my spouse (O that thou might)
And little Hyl (my prettie boy)
I bid you all good night.

The Argument of the x. Epistle, entituled

Ariadne to Theseus.

ANdrogeus *by deceyte was done to death*
And murthered by the men of Athens *towne:*
King Minos *warrde to wreake his losse of breath,*
And brought in fine his sturdie enmies downe,
Seuen Mayden Babes, as many men by th'yeare
They yeelded vp to make his monster cheare.
By lot they went vntill they came at last
To Theseus, *he into the doubtfull denne*
(*Clept* Laberinth) *to* Minotaur *was cast:*
But ruthfull Ariadne *taught him then*
How to destroy the Monster, and to passe
By tracke of twist from Prison where he was.
With Ariadne *he, and* Phædra *scapes,*
Ariude at Naxus, Bacchus *gaue him charge*
To leaue him one of those his goodly rapes
(*That* Ariadne *hight*) *and let hir large.*
When night was come, and she to slumber led,
With Phædra *he from* Ariadne *fled:*
The Nymph (when sleepie nap was quite exilde,
And senses came to former force againe,)
Seeing hir selfe so shamefully beguilde,
In wretched wise with teares began to plaine:
Requesting ruth, and platly making showe
That he to hir a better boone did owe.

Ariadne to Theſeus.

MOre friendly haue I founde
than thée the brutiſh kinde:
A worſer garde than thou haſt béene
I déeme I mought not finde.
Theſeus: the lines thou bewſte
from that ſelfe ſhore I wright:
From whence (forſaking me by meane
of ſayle) thou tookſte thy flight.
Where mæ, my ſléepe, and thou,
(a wofull wight) betrayde:
Thou (out alas) that choſe thy ſtemme
when I to ſléepe was layde.
It was the time when ſoyle
with foggie deaw was dight
But lately falne: and ſhrowded Fowles
in ſhadie buſhes ſhright.
Where I were waking then
or ſlumbring I wote nere:
But out I flong my fiſt to féele
where Theſeus were there.
Was none ſuch. Backe I drewe
my hande: and out againe
I rouſde mine armes about the bed,
but (oh) it was in vaine.

The feare all sléepe exilde,
I rose in gastly dred:
And from my widowish couch I fell
and folwle forsaken bed.
Forthwith with ruthlesse handes
I strake my bared brest:
And rent my locks, that hong (as I
abrayde from sléepe) vndrest.
The Mone gaue light, I lokte
to belwe the countrie rounde:
But saue the stronde, and stonie rudge,
was nothing to be founde.
Now hither, thither then
I ranne, and to and fro
I raungde, the sande did lode my legges
I had much worke to go.
Thus whilst about the shore
on Theseus name I crie:
The hollow rocks at erie call
and cleaping did replie.
Yolw oft I callde, the place
so often Theseus namde:
As though it would a wofull Wight
hir ayde and succour framde.
There was a mount, whereon
felwe trées aloft did growe:
Which now is wore a hanging rocke
yfret with waues that flowe.

Where-

Whereto I clambe, the heart
my limmes doth ſtrengthen ſo:
As rounde about the ſurging ſeas
my wandring eyes I throw.
From thence (for tho the windes
on me did vſe their powre)
I ſaw how with a Southren gale
thy ſtrowting sayles did scowre.
I ſaw it: or at leaſt
for that I ſo surmiſde,
More colde I wore than yse, and deadly pangues my hart surpriſde.
Whome long to languiſh griefe
would not permit as than:
Abrayde from traunce vprysse to call
on Theſeus I began.
Why? whither fleæſt? (quoth I)
retire vnthriftie wight:
Do turne thy Barck that lacks his lode,
and is not throughly fright.
Loke what my voyce might not,
my plangor did supplie:
And with my wordes I medled ſtrokes,
eche blowe enſude a crie.
Put caſe thou didſt not heare,
yet mightſt thou ſæ it plaine:
My handes diſplayde gaue ſiker ſignes
and tokens of my paine.

Upon

Upon a pole I hong
a flittering Kerchiffe white:
That might reuoke to minde, that thou
hadſt mée forgotten quite.
At length I loſt thy ſight
then teares gan flush apace:
My chækes long earſt were woren wanne
and flecked was my face.
What ſhould mine eyes haue done
but waylde my wofull plight:
When that they ſaw they might no more
haue Theſeus ſhip in ſight:
Or I with treſſes then
depending ſole did runne,
Incited by the Ogigian god
as doth the drowſie Nunne:
Or caſting eye to ſea
did ſit vpon a ſtone,
My ſelfe as much a rocke, as was
the ſeate I ſate vpon.
Oft times to bed that had
receiude vs both I haſt:
The bed which could not yéelde againe
the man that thence was paſt.
And as (I might) for thée
thy ſteps I did embrace:
And eke the couch not throughly colde
where thou thy corps didſt place.

I laye

I laye me downe, when teares
my deadly cheekes diſtaine:
And crie, reyelde account of two
that haſt receyued twaine.
Since hither both we came,
why part we not yfeare?
Thou trayterous couch, the chiefeſt part
make ſhewe where is it? where?
What might I doe? or ſole
why whither ſhould I flée?
Within this Ile ne worckes of men
nor toyles of Oxen bee.
The ſea enuirons rounde
the lande on euery ſide;
No ſhipman here, nor Hulck that dares
on perillous ſands to ride.
Put caſe I had both Mates
and windes with wiſhed ſayle:
My Sire debarres me to returne,
what ſhall the reſt preuayle?
Though in a bliſſfull Barck
through calmed Seas I paſſe:
Though Æole peaſe the windes, I ſhall
be baniſht naythelaſſe.
Not Crete that foſtred Ioue
is leefull for to ſée:
Wherein of great renoumed fame
a hundreth Cities bée.

For

For not alone the soyle
where Minos beares the sway,
But eke my Father by my fact
I sowly did betray.
When least thou vanquisht, shouldst
in Laborinth haue dide,
I gaue thée twist thy skilleſſe foote
and twine thy steps to guide.
When thou me spakst (by these
my present perils I
Protest that thou shalt aye be mine
till both of vs doe die.)
As yet we both doe liue
and I am not thy Make,
(If women may be sayd to liue
whom periurde men forsake)
If with thy Mace, that reft
my brother monsters breath,
Thou me hadst slaine, thy Heſt had bene
accomplisht by my death.
Not now to minde alone
my future haps I call,
Which must ensue: but such as to
forsaken wightes doe fall.
Vnto my troubled thought
a thousande kindes of death
Resort, which lesse would grieue my ghost,
than this my lingred breath.

Now

Now feare I ſhagheard Wolues
from euery coſte that come:
With gnaſhing téeth, and ramping palwes
my griefull guttes to nome.
Perhaps the ſauage ſoyle
the Lion browne doth bréede:
Who wottes the ruthleſſe Tygres where
this yrkeſome yle doth féede?
To that, the ſeas are layde
great Whales to caſt on lande:
And who (if I with ſworde were wrongde)
by me would friendly ſtande?
Oh let me not be bounde
as Maſſell caught in bande:
Ne waſte the day at turne and twiſt,
or carde with captiue hande:
That Minos haue to Sire
and Paſiphae to Dame:
And (that I chiefly fire in thought)
thy pacted ſpouſe that am.
When I ſuruey the Seas,
the lande, or ſtonie fleate:
The grounde doth manace many things,
the waters eke doth threate.
Then onely ſkies were left
the formes of Gods I feare:
A pray in wilde Deſart forlorne
for hungrie beaſts to teare.

Though

Though men posſesse the spoyle
I giue no trust at all:
For wronged once, the forraines fayth
into suspect I call.
O would Androgeus liude,
nor Athens bought so deare
His dolefull death, by yéelding such
a tribute by the yeare.
Ne thou with knottie Mace
hadst done to death the beast
That was a man for vpper parts,
a Bullock for the reast.
O that I ne had giuen
to thæ the twisted Clewe,
Whereby the darcksome denne to scape,
when thou the Monster slewe.
That thou art *Victor* aye
I nothing muse perdie:
Nor that thou madste the vgly beast
of Creta so to die.
Thy stælie hart could not
be pierst with hurtfull horne
Thy breast was garded well, thereon
though were none armour borne.
Thou thither flints conueydst,
and Adamant didst beare:
And that which flints doth farre surmount,
a Theseus hadst thou there.

O cruell ſléepes, why did
you tho my limmes detaine?
I ſhould as then with ruthleſſe death
but once for all bene ſlaine.
Ye windes were ſpitefull eke
and readie (oh) to ſwne:
Ye puffing blaſtes to force my teares
yee haue your deuor done.
The hande was cruell that
my brother and me hath ſlaine:
And fayth ygraunted me, that was
a name requirde in vaine.
Sléepe, winde, and gaged troth
did all at once coniure:
One ſielis Nymph by triple cauſe
was guilde without recure.
Oh that my mothers teares
I dying ſhall not ſée:
Nor any for to cloſe mine eyes
with friendly fiſt will bée.
My hapleſſe ghoſt to ſtraunge
and vncouth ſkies will flye:
No louing hande will noynt my limmes
and carcaſſe when I dye.
But for my bones vngraude
the Seakoule fowle will ſtriue:
A worthie Sepulture for one
that well deſerude aliue.

To

To Athens thou wilt passe,
where in the Citie when
Thou art receyude, and plasse in pryde
amids thy countrie men:
And shalt declare the death
of double shaped beast:
And stonie lodge to doubtfull wayes
that doth so often wreast:
Display how me forlorne
thou leftst in Desart tho,
I must not be forgot, ne séeme
to spoyle thy title so.
Not Ægeus was my sire,
nor Æthra gaue the brest:
Of rocks and waues that thou were bred
may easily be gest.
From ship top would thou mightst
mée miser Wight haue bewde:
My grisly picture would haue forst
thy stonie hart t'haue rewde.
Now not with eye beholde
but in thy minde suruay,
Mée clinging to the beaten rocke
which makes the waues to stay.
Sée how my locks doe hang
in wailefull mourning mode:
Beholde my clothes with teares as moyst
as they were washt in flode.

My carkas quakes as cõne
enforſt with Boreas might:
My trembling fiſt the letters marres
as I my lines doe wright.
By no deſert of mine
(for that it framde alwie)
I ſue to thee: let not my factes
deſerue ſuch thankes perdie:
Ne griefull paines procure,
for though thy liuely breath
I ne did ſaue: yet haſt thou no
iuſt cauſe to haſte my death.
Theſe fainting fiſtes with bea-
ting of my breaſt a gwd,
I (wofull wretch) extende to thée
through ouerwandring flwd.
Theſe locks (which yet are left)
in dolefull wiſe I ſhowe:
And by theſe teares I pray, which teares
thy facts enforce to flowe:
(Gwd Theſeu) turne thy ſhip
with wreſted winde retoure:
Though ere thou come I die, yet of
the bones thou ſhalt be ſure.

The Argument of the xj. Epistle, entituled

Canace to Machareus.

KIng Æols sonne Machareus, fell in loue
With Canace beyonde the boundes of kinde,
To bed this beastly broode are gone to proue
Vnlawfull lusts delight, nature repinde:
She nayth'elesse sowly begot with childe
Was brought a bed, a signe she was defilde.

The nurce conuayde the Babe, who at the doore
Exclamde: The Grandsire heard the yelling sounde,
And found the filthie fact: he made no more
Adoe, but sent the Babe in blankets bounde
Into the fieldes, of Rauens to be rent,
Or hungrie Dogs, or wandring Woolues he ment.

Beside, a sworde to Canace he sendes,
By cursed death to ende hir beastly life:
To worke hir fathers will the wench entendes,
But ere she felt the force of fathers knife,
To Machareus (to Delphos that was gone
For succours sake) thus gan she make hir mone.

Canace to Machareus.

IF any blots doe blinde, or blurre my lynes,
The murther of their Maistresse makes ẏ same
My right hand holdes the pen, the left a sworde,
And in my carefull lap the Paper lies.
Of Canace such is the griefly forme,
Whilst to hir brother she deuisde to write:
For so I may suffice my wrathfull Syre.
Oh, that himselfe were here a gazer on
His daughters death: Oh, that the Author sawe
With present eye, the thing he gaue in charge
So ruthlesse he, and passing farre in rage
His whirling Southren blastes, that he with drie
And teareles chéeks my gaping woūds wold vew
Tis much (in faith) with raging windes to liue,
Unto his peoples kinde his nature grées,
A Ruler fitte for such a ruthlesse race.
He checks the Southren winde, and Zephyrus,
With Northren Aquilo he kéepes a coyle,
And (Eurus eke) thy stubborne wings he rules.
He maisters all the windes, not swelling wrath,
Unto his vice, his conquerde kingdome yéeldes.
What now auayles by Grandsires to the skies
Aduaunst to be? With Ioue to be allyde?
If naythelesse in womanish hande I holde

Unfitting toles the ſwoꝛde, a ſcathfull gift:
(O Machareu) the day that vs conioynde
After my death one houre ſhould haue be kalne,
A bꝛother why, moꝛe than a bꝛother ought,
Imbꝛaſt thou mée: and why to thée was I
Moꝛe than a ſiſter to hir bꝛother ſhoulde:
Eke I was toucht with loue, and I wote nere
What God it was that ſet my hart in flame.
My colour quite was fled, my carkas leane
And bare became, my mouth refuſde to fæde.
Full harde by ſlæpe I came, eche night a yeare
Did ſéeme, I gronde, and had no hurt at all:
Ne could account my ſelfe why ſo I did,
Ne knewe what loue did meane, and yet did loue.
My Nurſe with aged minde perceiude it firſt,
And ſaide at firſt, I was with loue attachte.
Whereat I bluſht, and caſt mine eyes to ground,
And whilſt, which tokens were of guiltie minde.
At length my growing wombe began to ſtroute,
And wꝭ his weight my weakened limmes oppꝛeſt.
But then, what herbe oꝛ dꝛench was to be found,
That ſhe ne bꝛought, and boldly did applie:
To fine (which onely pꝛancke thou neuer wiſte)
My venter might of burthen be releaſt,
That wore ſo faſt within my growing guttes:
But (oh) the infant was ſo ripe, and ſtacke
So nere my ribbes, as it was ſafe from ſcathe.
When Phœbus ſiſter ninthly woꝛen was,

And

And tẽth Wone gan to chaſe hir lightſome ſtedes;
I wiſt not what prꝛocurde my ſodaine thꝛowes,
A ſtꝛilleſſe wight (God wote) to beare a childe.
No longer I from crying coulde refraine,
Oꝛ holde my peace. What will you ſo vnfolde
(O Beldam Nurſe) ẏ crime? ⁊ ſtopt my mouth.
What might I Wiſer doe? griefe foꝛſt me grunt,
But feare and ſhame, and Beldam it foꝛbode.
Then doloꝛ I repꝛeſt, and vttered woꝛdes
Reuokte, and was enfoꝛſte to dꝛinke my teares.
Death ſtoode befoꝛe my face, Lucina quite
Denyde to helpe: and death it ſelfe had bene
A monſtruous crime, if I as then had dyde.
When thou, with garments rent and toꝛen locks,
Relieued with thy bꝛeſt my dying limmes,
And ſaidſt. O ſiſter liue, liue ſiſter deare,
Ne in one coꝛſe deſtroy thou bodies twaine.
Let hope reduce thy foꝛce, that bꝛothers ſpouſe
Shalt be, and wife to him by whom thou art
A Mother made. In faith I was reuiude
At thoſe thy chærefull woꝛds that lay aſtraught,
And was releaſt of griefe and guilt at once,
Why doſte thou ſo retoyce? King Æole ſits
Amid his ſtately Hawle, my fathers eyes
Muſt neuer ſæ this filthie fact of mine.
The buſie carefull Nurſe with fillets fine
The Infant hid, and boughes of Oliue white:
A ſacrifice ſhe faynde and pꝛayde apace.

My Father and all the people gaue hir way,
And licenst hir with fained rites to passe.
When she to Thresholde came, the yelling crie
And clamor of the Babe the Father heard:
And so the siely childe it selfe bewrayde,
The Infant all inragde, Æolus raught,
And with his furious shrich the Pallace fillde,
The falsed sacrifice reuealing quite.
Euen as the Sea doth shake & trembling quappe,
When with a gentle gale it is enforst,
Or as the Ashe with Southren wind doth wagge
So mightst thou see my bloudles members shake,
Who lay as then ystraught vpon my bed.
He rushing in, and with an open crie
Discloside my fault, and from my Wisers face
His ruthles sle handes with much a doe withheldе,
I blushing, nought, saue flushing teares gã shed,
With quaking feare my trẽbling tõgue was tide,
He gaue in charge the Babe, (his nephew) should
To Dogs and rauening foule in fieldes be flong.
The childe exclamde, as though he had conceyude
The Grandsires minde, to whom he sude for ruth
With voice, as he the sielie Wiser coulde
What heart had I then (Brother) to your dome:
(You may my case coniecture by your owne)
When fore my face into the desert groue,
My cruell foe, in hande my bowels bare,
Of Mountaine Woules to be in quarters torne:

But

But out at length he from my lodge diuertes.
Then beate I on my breast with balefull strokes,
And with dispitous nayles I rent my face.
Meanewhile wᵗ mournfull chéere frō Æole comes
In message one, that thus bespake me tho.
Æole (my Lorde) to thée this sworde hath sent,
(And therewith toke it me) and biddes thée know
By thy desert and merit what it meanes,
I wote and will this sworde with courage vse,
Stabbing my fathers gift into my breast.
O thou that gauste me life, with such rewardes
My marrige dosste thou minde for to enrich?
O father, shall thy daughter thus be dowde?
Hymen deceyude, doe way thy bridall bandes,
And flée this wicked lodge with troubled fote.
On me, ye swarth Erinnyes, sling the flames
You beare, therewith to make my buriall blase.
O happy sisters, lincke with better lucke
But aye my fact in mindefull breast retaine.
Alas, what hath the stely Babe deserude,
So lately brought to light and lothsome Skies?
What fact of his ỹ Grandsires wrath might stir?
Let him be thought to haue deserude the same,
If so he could deserue. But (out alas)
His Mothers guilt the Miser Infant byes.
O sonne thy mothers dole, the pray of beasts,
O thou the day of byrth thy Dame bereft,
O childe of hapleste loue, the piteous pledge,

This day the first, and this shall be thy last
Ne lawfull was for me with yolded teares
To bath thy corps: nor on thy graue to cast
My clipped locks, and tresses cut thereto.
Ne lay I on thy limmes, ne from thy mouth
The chillie kisse I caught and latter breath.
But greedie beasts my rapted bowels rent.
And I by lurching wound the infants ghost
And shadow will pursue: ne will be saide
A Mother long, or voyde of Babe to bee,
But thou (whom all in vaine, and all for naught
Thy wretched sister hopte) the scattred bones
Collect in fielde of thy yong Sonne and mine,
And bring them to their Dame, & place thē there,
Let one selfe vrne our bodies both containe.
Remember me, and bath my Herse with teares:
Ne feare the corps of hir that lowde thée well.
I craue thée to fulfill thy sisters Hestes.
A Wiser most of all: and I will sèke
My cruell fathers will to put in vre.
Thy dying wife and sister sayes adewe.

The Argument of the *xij. Epiſtle, entituled*

Medea to Iaſon.

IAſon *in youthfull yeares to* Colchos *came,*
And with the Fleeſe he filſht away a Mayde
Medea *cleapt, and gan his voyage frame*
To Theſſalie, *where once arriude he ſtayde.*

The feeble Æſon *ſhe reducde againe*
By ſolemne charme to luſtie youthfull age,
With freſher blood enſtuffing euery vaine.
She made him yong to ſight that earſt was ſage.

King Pelias *daughters deare ſhe did perſwade*
(A monſtrous acte) to kill their aged Sire,
In hope ſhe would the Prince a princox made:
Which they poore ſiely Maydes did moſt deſire.

With other fowler factes, which when ſhe had
For Iaſons *loue (as ſhe reported) donne,*
He ſhooke hir off, which made Medea *mad,*
And cauſde hir write theſe lynes to Æſons *ſonne:*
She ſigth, ſhe ſude, ſhe ſobde, ſhe manaſt eeke
To be reuengde vpon the guileſull Greeke.

The.xij.Epiſtle.

Medea to Jaſon

I Minde it yet howe I of Colchos Quæne
Applide to thæ, when ÿ my ſuccor craudſte
That I by Arte wold gard thée frõ annoy.
The ſiſters tho, the mortal twiſt diſpence,
Their ſtaren web ſhould haus vnfolden quite:
Then might I Medea well haue loſt my breath,
From that my lingred life is but a paine.
Aye me. Why euer forſt with youthfull armes
Came Iaſons ſhip to fet the Phrygian Flæſe?
At Colchos why Magnetian Arge arriude?
And Græckiſh route of Phaſian ſtoud did drinke?
Why more than néeded I thy golden locks
Did like? thy featurde ſhape, & gloſing tongue?
If once (for that a forraine ſhip to ſhore
At Colchos came, & brought vndaunted wightes
And dreadleſſe men to land) Iaſon vnwares,
Not Phiſickt firſt, had runne to breathed flames,
And poynant hornes of fell and yrefull Bulles,
Or ſowne the ſéede and had as many foes,
And Tilman had of tillage ſo béene ſlaine:
Howe much deceite (vnthrift) with thæ had dide?
And I of how-much wo acquited béene?
It is ſome pleaſure to vnthanckfull wights,
For to obiect the good forepaſſed turnes.

That

That I will vse of thée, that onely ioy
And solace I will gaine, thou faithlesse man.
Thou hauing charge at Colchos to arriue,
In vncouth Vulke my wealthfull kingdome, and
My countrie camste vnto, where I was then
The same that here thy nouell spouse is dæmde
My Father was as rich as is hir Syre.
He Ephiren with double sea possest,
In frostie Scythia tother gouernd all,
As farre as Pontus lefter side doth lie.
Oeta toke the youthfull Grækes to guestes,
With him, you men of Thessale did sojourne,
Then saw I thæ, and gan to know thy name:
That season brought my minde to ruine first,
I both did sée and perisht eke, inflamde
With fire vnknowne, & fride w̄ straūgie gleade,
As fore the Aultars burnes the torch of Pyne.
Both featurde well thou were and fates me drue,
Thine eyes my dazeled lights did rauish quite:
Which quickly thou discridste. For who may well
Kæpe loue in mewe, that no man it discerne?
Aye flame it self by casting light, bewrayes.
Meanewhile ỹ king cōmaunds, & gines in charge
The bulles with brawned necks to bring to yoke.
Mauors his bulles they were dreadfull for horne,
Not sole, but breathing out a gastly flash:
Whose houes were brasse compact, their noses set
With gads of stéele, which black w̄ breathing lokt.

More

Moreouer in open fieldes to caſt the ſéede
Engendring men that were commaunded tho,
Which wold aſſaile thée wᵗ their late borne darts,
A thanckleſſe crop for him that tilde the ſoyle.
The waker Dragons eyes that neuer ſlept
To guile, of all thy trauels was the laſt.
Thus ſpake Oetes, vp in gaſtfull dréede
Ye roſe eche one, and from the Table ſtart.
How farre from thæ was then Creuſas dowre:
And raigne in iointure giuen: thy Fatherlaw
How farre: & mightie Creons daughter deare:
Away thou wentſt diſmayd with vapord eyen
Whome I purſude, and ſoftly bid adew.
As ſone as wonted I to Cabbin came
Where lay my couch: I ſpent the night in teares.
Before mine eyes the balefull Bullocks ſtode,
The curſed ſæde, the watchfull Dragon eke:
Here feare & quiuering dréed, there loue did ſtand,
The feare it ſelfe my loue to more increaſt
In dawning to my lodge my ſiſter came,
Where me with tozen treſſe, and lying grouke
Upon my face, beſprent with teares ſhe found
She craude my helpe for men of Theſſalie:
What ſhe requirde, that I to Iaſon gaue.
There ſtands a groue wᵗ Bæch & houlme ſo black
As ſcarce Apollos rayes may pierce the ſame:
There is in that (or tho at leaſt there was)
Dianas Church, the Goddeſſe ſtanding there,

With

With barbarous hande yframde of massie golde:
Minde you? or is the place with me forgot?
Thither we came yfeare, with ruthlesse tongue
And guilefull mouth when ỹ didst bourd me thus.
To thee hath fortune right and powre assignde
Of life and dreadfull death: within thy hande
(By hir appointed lore) my state doth stay.
Sufficeth powre to spoyle, if any take
Therin delight: but I reserude from scath
Shall make thy former praise and glorie growe,
And blast thy brute in Trumpe of endlesse fame.
By my sinister haps (which lies in thée
For to redresse) and by thy noble race,
And Grandsire, that all mortall things suruayes:
And by the triple forme of Dian, and
Hir priuie sacred rites, this Countrie Gods,
(If any here within this soyle doe raine)
Rue on my Mates and me, O (Quéene) I pray:
And oblige me vnto thee by this bone,
And so a Grecian thou not séeme to scorne,
(But how might I the Gods so friendly finde?)
Sooner my soule to weightlesse ayre shall waste,
Than any (saue your grace) with me be linckt
In spousall bande, and bridely knot be tyde.
Let Iuno witnesse bée, that hath in charge
The marrige rites: that holy Goddesse too
Within whose Marble Church we stoden now.
These, or the least of these, a stely Nymph

Might

Might moue to ruth: our hands were ioyned eke.
I saw thy trickling teares. Where part of guile
In them doth lurck? so I was quickly wonne,
And soone entrapt with thy dissembling tongue.
Thou broughtst to yoke the brasen footed Bulles
Unhurt of flame, and brakste the bidden soile
With pointed plough: wheron in stéede of graine
The Serpēts téeth ẏ̈ flongst, wherof there sprong
A troupe of Souldiers sterne, wͤ sworde & shielde:
That I who gaue thée oyntment stoode in dreade,
To sée the sodaine broode with armour clad:
Till time the earthly brothers, twixt themselues
To ciuill combat fell, and fought yfeare,
A griesly sight, and wofull thing to tell.
Behold, the waker Serpent hissing came
With crackling scales, & with his bending breast
Did swéepe ẏ̈ soyle. Thē where was dowre becōe?
Then where thy Princely spouse? & Isthmos that
The double Sea deuides, and cuttes his course?
Euen I, that now so barbarous am become
To thee, (a poore and hurtfull person thought)
With forced sléepe, the Serpents eyes did féede,
That safely thou mights reue the golden Fléese.
My Father I betrayde, my natiue soyle,
And kingdome I forsooke: and got the gift
Which in exile a woman maye attaine.
My chastice was a wandring Rouers pray:
My sister and my louing Dame I left.

But thée (O brother) I ne left behinde
At time of flight: my letter in this one
Place ginnes to faint, the thing my vētrous hand
Did dare to doe, it dares not to recorde:
So I (but euen with thée) ſhould haue bene rent
Yet drad I not (for what ſhould me appall
As then a woman, and a guiltie wight)
My curſed corps to ſurging ſeas to gage:
Where are thoſe gods? wher thoſe celeſtial ſtates?
On vs amid the gulfe deſerued plagues
And torments ſende: on thee for thy deceyte,
On mée for that I gaue ſuch credit light.
O that the ruthleſſe rocks, Symphlegads, had
Our lymmes ſurpriſde, and rent our bodies ſo
As might my bones vnto thy carkaſſe clong:
Or cruell Scylla ſent vs to hir whelpes
And Dogs to bene deuourde: for Scylla ought
Ungratefull wightes to plague, & pay with pain,
Charybdis eke that belks the ſwallowde waues
O that it had vnder Sicilian ſurge
Our yrkeſome corſes caſt, & whelmde in goulfe.
Safe thou, and *Victor* to Æmonia comſte,
And to the Gods preſentſte the golden fleece.
What ſhoulde I Pelias daughters name, that did
Aguilt to pittie mounde? who rent with hande
Their aged fathers bones? though other blame
Medea, yet thou haſt cauſe to like hir well,
For whome I haue ſo often done amiſſe.

Thou

Thou didſt not ſhame (O that I woꝛds doe want
To ſhew my iuſt complaint) thou didſt not ſhame
To ſay: from Æſons houſe diſlodge in haſte.
Commaunded I departed, followde with
Mine infants two, and loue of thee, that aye
Purſues my track, and followes where I go.
Vnto mine eares as ſoone as Hymen came,
Carolde aloude, and kindeled Toꝛches ſhone
With Bauen blaſe, & Shaulme began to ſounde
Ditties of loue, ioyfull to thée, but moꝛe
Dolefull to me than is the Trumpets clang:
Affright I woꝛe, ſuſpecting no ſuch yll,
Ne yet ſo foule offence: but naytheleſſe
Thꝛough all my bꝛeaſt the froſtie colde did runne.
A rout of people ran, and Hymen cryde,
Repeating oft the ſame: how much the voyce
Moꝛe neare appꝛocht, the moꝛe increaſt my wo.
My ſeruants ſobde, and couertly did mourne
Who gladly would ſo great an euill repoꝛt:
And mæ auayling moꝛe had bene, what ſo
It were, not to haue knowne. Yet ſad and triſt
I woꝛe, as though I had the truth deſcride.
When of my Boyes the leſſer, foꝛ deſire
To ſée tofoꝛe the dooꝛe at Wickat ſtoode.
Oh Mother mine (quoth he) foꝛgo the place,
With ioyly pompe my Father Iaſon commes.
And glittring twirt two chained chiuals rides.
I out of hand (my veſture rent abꝛode)

Did plague my breſt wᵗ blowes, wᵗ nailes my face,
My minde perſwaded me amids the throng
And thickeſt preſſe to runne, the garlands gay
From treſſes ſmouthly trimde in rage to pull.
I hardly me withheld from crying oute
(As I diſhelued was) t'is mine: and ſcarce
From laying handes thereon I tho abſtaynde.
O wronged Syre reioyce: ye men of Colche
Be glad: and of my brothers ghoſt receiue
Th'infeſts. My Countrie, houſe, & kingdome loſt,
My ſpouſe in ſtæde of all that ſtode to me,
I reaſt refuſde, and vtterly forlorne.
Serpents I did ſubdue, and furious Bulles,
One man to daunt vnable or to tame.
And I that raging fire by Arte repelde,
Can by no ſkill my waſting flame eſchue
Inchauntments, herbes, and ſoceries faylen now,
The Goddeſſe nought or mightie Hecate
Preuayles or helpes Medea in nœdefull time.
Not pleaſant is to mee the day, the nightes
(That bitter are) I wake: no gentle ſléepe
Doth daint to lodge in lamentable breaſt.
I, that my limmes to ſlumber can not force,
Was able well the Dragons eyes to cloſe.
Other my Artes, than me, doe more auaile
The corps that I preſerude a ſtrumpet ſtraynes
With folded armes and of my paines haue fruite
And thou perhaps whilſt to thy fonded ſpouſe

Doſt braue, hir eares deſirous to content,
Againſt my face and maners new found crymes
Doſt forge. Well may ſhe laugh at theſe defaults
Of mine: well let hir laugh in ſtately ſeate
With purple Robe attyre: the time will come
That ſhe ſhall mourne, and wepe againe as faſt
And farre ſurmount theſe hidde ſcorching flames.
Whylſt yron, fire, or poyſon may be founde,
No foe of Medeas ſhall vnwroken go.
If ſo by hap my prayers be of powre
To touch thy ſtéely hart, now lende an eare
To wordes that are inferiour to my minde.
For I to thée in humble ſort doe ſue,
To me as thou full oft haſt done of yore,
Ne prone to lie before thy féete refuſe.
If me thou ſet ſo light, yet haue remorſe
Of thoſe our Babes, that common are to both.
A cruell ſtepdame will my children wrath.
And rigorouſly entreate in ruthleſſe ſort:
And they too much reſemble thée, that are
Trapt by thy forme, whoſe ymage moues me ſore
And whome howe oft I ſée: ſo oft my face
And moyſted cheekes wt teares are all bedewde.
By Gods I make requeſt, by flaming light
Thy Grandſire giues, and by mine earned boone,
And by thy Babes (the pawnes of perfite loue)
Reyælde the bridely bed, for which I ſhonde
So many things: accompliſh thy beheſt,

And

And do with ayde thy Myser ſpouſe relieue.
Gainſt men, or bulles, of thée no ayde I craue,
Ne that thou ſhouldſt ỳ watchful Dragon drench,
And force him yéelde his daunted eyes to ſléepe:
But thée (that art mine owne infeft) I craue,
That by thy fact haſt mée a mother made.
Demaundſte thou for my dowre? in ỳ ſelfe fielde
(That was to eare for golden fléeſe) it lay.
That very fléeſe of golde, my ioynture was,
Which if I ſhould reclaime, thou wouldſt debarre
Thy ſelfe preſerude my dowre: the Grækiſh youth
My ioynture was, therewith the welth compare
Of Creons darling, iudge the price of both.
That thou doſt liue and art a wifebound man,
Linckt with a ſpouſe, and haſt a fatherlaw,
And that thou canſt now ſhew thy ſelfe vnkinde:
To me impute it, whence the guerdon came.
Whome I will out of hande. But to foretell
The paynes what wil auaile? Ay ſwelling wrath
Is full of threates, diſcloſing ſecret thought.
Euen whither yée ſhall leade, I will enſue.
And then perhaps he ſhall repent his déede,
As I lament, I gaue a faythleſſe man
Such credit, and beléeude the wordes he ſpake
That God diſcerne the ſame, which ſtirrs my breſt
I ne wote what greater thing my heart intendes.

The Argument of the xiij. Epistle, entituled

Laodameia to Protesilaus.

With fourtie sayle when Protesilaus went
To Troie warde, to fight for Helens rape
The tempest so withstoode the Greekes intent,
As they from out port Aulide could not scape.

When flickring fame this brute had blasted wide,
His louing wife Laodameia wrought
Him thus, she shewes hir dreames, she willes beside
That he the Prophets wordes should print in thought.

Whose aunswere was, that who so leapt to lande
First of the Greekes when they to Troie came,
Should die the death, t'was bootelesse to withstande,
For why the Gods appointed had the same.

He naytheleſse for all his spouses wordes.
(Coragious Lad) first leapt from ship to shore,
And for his paine, was done to death with sworde,
As had the Oracle pronounst before,
This was the cause Laodameia pende
These lines, this made the wife this Pistle sende.

Laodameia to Proteſilaus.

LEmonian Laodameia ſendeth health,
And græting to Proteſilaus hir ſpouſe:
And wiſheth it, where he ſoiournes to ſtay.
Repoꝛt hath ſpꝛed in Aulide that you lye
In rode, by meane of fearce and froward gale.
Ah, when thou me foꝛſookſte, where was ẏ̄ wind?
Thē bꝛoiling ſeas thine Dares ſhold haue wō̄ſtood,
That was a fitting time foꝛ wꝛathfull waues.
Woe kiſſes with a greater charge, I would
Unto my ſpouſe haue giuen, and parled moꝛe.
But hedlong hence thou wentſt, & wiſhed winde
Of Seamen not of me, thy ſayles allurde:
That gale was mæte foꝛ Mariners, vnfit
foꝛ thoſe that loue. O ſpouſe and Fœre electe
To ſoone I was thy claſping armes bereft.
Unperfite were the woꝛdes, my foltring tongue
Pꝛonounſte, ſcarce could it ſpeake and bid adue.
Then Boreas blewe and boꝛe thy ſayles away,
And ẏ̄ (O ſpouſe) were quickly hence conuayde.
It did me good (as long as lawfull was)
To gaſe vpon thy face, and with mine eyes
At parture to beholde thy countenaunce.
When thou were out of ſight, I ſaw thy ſayles,
Thy ſayles, that long my ſtaring eyes detaind,

When neyther thée at laſt noꝛ ſayles I ſawe,
And nought ſaue waltring waues was to be ſene:
With thee my eyeſight fled, and bloodleſſe all
(With darkeſome cloude beſet) I fell to ground.
My fainting knees refuſe to beare the coꝛps.
Whome Iphiclus my fatherlawe noꝛ olde
Acaſtus lod with yeares, ne mother ſcarce
With water cold, from ſwowning might reduce.
A charitable deede they wꝛought, to mée
Gaineleſſe, I loth that I ne tho had dyde.
Euen with remembꝛance, griefe renude againe,
And loyall loue did gripe my chaſt full bꝛeaſt.
No care had I as then my treſſe to trim,
Ne yet with curious robes my limmes to wꝛappe,
As they with leauie thirſe whõ Bacchus beates:
So to and fro, as furie foꝛſt I ranne.
Phylacian Matrones came to me and cryde,
Laodamie, doe on thy bꝛaueſt weedes.
Shall I in purple Kobe and Silkes be clad,
And he wage warre vnder the walles of Troie?
Shall I go kembe my treſſe, and be an Helme
Vpon his head ſuſtaine? freſh garments ſhould
I weare, and he his clattring Armour welde?
As néere as euer I may, thy trauels I
Reſemble will with doole: and during time
Thou art in ſiege, will lead a diſmoll life.
Duke Paris, Priams ſonne (whoſe beautie bꝛed
The leath of thine) I with thou mayſt as ſlow

An

An enmie be, as yll thou were a guest.
Oh that or thou disliked hadst the face
Of yong Atrides spouse, or she thy porte.
Thou Grēke, that for thy rapted wife to great
A strife dost stirre, and ouermuch dost toyle:
(Aye me) dolefull reuenge to many wilt
In future time, and wailefull wreake procure.
Yæ Gods I pray for vs th'abodement fell
Remoue, and graunt that my reuerted Fēre
In Temple may to Ioue his armour yelde.
But sore I dreade, and loke how oft I minde
The lamentable warre, and fearefull fight,
Teares from my chēkes as thawed snow do tril.
Ide, Tenedos, Xanthus, and Ilion
With Symois, are gastly names to tell.
Ne would the guest presumde or bene so bolde
Away to haue a Grēkish Feme purloynde,
Unlesse he had by powre and strength of hande
Bene able to maintaine, and beare it out.
His puissant force to him was not vnknowne.
Ye came reported, all betrapt with Golde,
And Troian wealth vpon his bodie bare:
With men and armour stode, the ayds of warre.
And who with all his countrie strength at once
And Princely power to forraine landes doth go:
These Helen (I surmise) did thē attach,
And vanquished, which may the Grēkes annoy.
Of Hector I adrad, I know not whome,

But Hector (by repoꝛt of Paris) fightes
With bloudie hande, & deales with deadly ſwoꝛd.
That Hector, that beware, what ſo he be,
If any loue of me as yet be left,
His graued name in mindefull bꝛeſt enſculpe,
Him when thou haſt eſcapte auoide the reaſt:
And many Hectors there ſurmiſe to bée.
And ſaye (when thou art euen at poynt to fight)
Laodamie my ſpouſe did bid me ſpare.
If lawfull be that Gréekes ſhall conquere Troie
And Ilion by ſoꝛted lotte ſubdue:
Without thy woundes let it to ruine runne.
Let Menelaus martch againſt his foes,
And Paris ſpoyle of that which Paris reft.
Let him amid the pꝛeſſe of enmies thꝛounge,
And winne in armes, whome he in cauſe ſubdues.
The huſband ought the wife to reſcue, yea
Though ſhe were plaſte amid a troup of foes,
Thy cauſe is farre vnlike, contende foꝛ life,
And harmeleſſe to eſcape, and onely to
The Ladyes lap in ſafetie to retire.
Yée Dardanes, of ſo many ſpare me one,
Ne from his coꝛps enfoꝛce my bloud to fluſh
He is not one whome may be ſéme to fight.
Oꝛ to his martiall foe his bꝛeaſt to gage.
He better may that fightes foꝛ heartie zeale,
Let others flaſh, let Proteſilaus loue.
Him I confeſſe I would withhelde at home,

My tongue for feare of yll abodement stack.
When from thy fathers house to Troie warde
Thou wentst, thy foote at threshold stumbled tho.
Which when I sawe, in silence mourning sayde,
Graunt Gods that this portende a good retourne
Now doe I this display, for thou in armes
Too ventrous shouldst not be: procure that this
My feare to vaine and vacand windes may turne.
And sort (I wote not whome) appoynted hath
To vndeserued fate, that first of Grækes
With forwarde foote shall touch the Troian soile.
O cursed Feme, that first shall waile the losse
Of hir adempted feare. I craue the Gods
Thou shew not then thy selfe excessiue stout.
Of thousand shippes let thine the latter bee,
And last of all the sundred waues deuide,
(And this for warning take) go last on lande.
Tis not thy native soyle thou flittest to,
At thy returne let sayle and Mare be plyde,
And haste thy Barck to thy well knowne shore.
Where Phœbus lurke, or else doe shine aloft,
Both day and night thou brædste my griefull wo.
But most by night, for that a season is
To women that with clinching armes imbrace
Their louers limmes) of sugred sport and ioy.
For falsed slæpes I hunt in carefull Couch,
Fæding on false delights, for want of true.
But why to me thy Image pale appæres?

And

And from thy mouth why ſuch cõplaint proceeds:
Enforſt to watch, the vrkeſome goſtes of night
And viſions I adore: no Altare through
All Theſſale my fuming ſmoke doth lacke.
Incenſe I yéelde with intermedled teares,
Which mingde doe ſurge as wine ycaſt in flame
When I with greedie armes, ſhall thee retourde
Imbracing lie, and ſenceleſſe ware for ioy:
When lodgde with me in one ſelfe careleſſe couch
Wilt thou the valiant factes of battaile blaſe:
Which whilſt ỹ ſhalt deſcribe, though I to heare
Shall long, yet will we coll and kiſſe betwirt.
For kiſſing deckes the tale with better grace,
And ſtay procures ỹ tongue more prompt to parle.
But when I thinke of Troie, both wind and ſeas
Returne to minde: and hope by howfull feare
Is vanquiſht cleane, and put to ſodaine flight.
And that the windes your middle paſſage barre
Moues me. In ſpite of waues you minde to paſſe.
Who to his Countrie would with froward gale,
Againſt the will of windes ſhape his returne:
And you from Greece in troublous tẽpeſt trudge.
Vnto his towne Neptunus barres your courſe.
Whither haſte you: eche vnto his home retyre.
Why, whither go you Grækes: beholde ỹ winds
And coũterthwarting blaſts. Some God procures
(Not ſodain chaunce) no doubt, this lingring ſtay.
What ſaue a ſhamefull drabbe and harlot ranckt

By

By this your warre & battayles broyle is sought:
Whilst yet you may, and lawfull is your sayles
And flitting Barckes back to Achaia bende.
But why do I reuoke? or call thée home?
Let all abodements go. I pray the windes
And calmed waues to further thine intent.
I spite at Troian Dames, that shall suruey
The Funerals of their feares & wailefull spoiles,
Nor haue their foes farre frō their coūtrie bounds,
The late betrothed spouse hir selfe will d'on
Hir husbands Helme and harnesse with hir hand.
She will giue armour, and whilste armour shée
Doth giue a (gratefull thing to both) will kisse,
And fellow forth hir spouse, with charge to make
Retyre, and say (to Ioue thy weapons bowe)
Reseruing he his recent charge in minde,
Will warely fight, and cast an eye to home:
She at returne will lose hir spouses Helme,
And doe his Targe away, his wearie limmes
Relieuing with hir ayde as best she may.
We doubtfull in suspence, and dreade doe stande,
Fearing eche thing that may by fortune fall:
Yet whilst in forraine coast thou wagest warre,
Of ware that representes thy face, I haue
A table made: to whome I tell my tale,
And kisse, as I thy corse was wont to coll.
The picture is more than it séemes to sight.
In fayth allowe the waren forme a founde.

And

And it will be Protesilaus outright:
That I beholde, and in my husbandes steade
Betwix my paps doe place, and frame complaint
Thereto, as though it had the powze to speake.
By thy returne, and cozps (my saints I sweare)
By egall lights of marrige and of minde:
And by thy head (which fright with siluer locks
To fine that I may see: and that thou mayst
In health reuert) I sweare, that whither thou
Shalt giue in charge, to thée I will repayze
As fellowing Mate, whither thou liue, oz oh
That moze I dzeade and stand oh moze appald.
With this pzecept and onely charge I ende,
Respect thy selfe and haue remozse of me:

xiiij. Epistle, entituled

Hypermnestra to Lynceus.

TO fiftie daughters Danaus was Syre,
His brother Ægypt had as many sonnes:
Whome he to match did earnestly desire,
With Danaus daughters: he the marrige shunnes,
And reason why: the Oracle had sed
His sonne in lawe should hewen off his hed.

Ægyptus wroth with this his brothers deede
(Of purpose that to Argos went his way
For cause the marrige should not so proceede)
Sent all his sonnes with Souldiars for to stay
Their Vncle: or his daughters at the least
To take to wiues and make a marrige feast.

The siedge was layde and Danaus in fine
Of force compelde for safeties sake to yeelde
His brothers sute although he did repine:
When marrige day approcht, the father willde
His daughters to destroy with cruell knyues
Their husbands, and to reaue their Nephewes lyues.

The day was come eche slue their slumbring Make,
Saue Hypermnestra, that of all the rest

Spared

The Argument.

Spared hir ſpouſe, and warned him to take
His flight: ſuch ruth did lodge in louing breaſt.
According to hir councell ſo he did,
And by that meane himſelfe from daunger rid.

In dawning when the father came, he ſawe
Eche daughter had hir ſleepie husband ſlaine,
Saue Hypermneſtra : *whome withouten lawe*
He ſent to warde, in Priſon hir to paine,
Where being lodgde, theſe lynes to Lynceus *ſhee*
Deuiſde and ſent from Gyues releaſt to bee.

Hypermnestra to Lynceus.

TO him that of so many brethren lyues,
And sole suruiues, I Hypermnestra sende:
The rest by their wiues guilt were sowly slaine.
I lode with Gines in Prison am detainde,
And not aguilting is my cause of scath.
For that my hande to murther not presumde,
I did offence: but so I had done euill
And ruthlesse bene, I semblant praise had wonne.
More leffer I account guilt to sustaine
Than in such sort to please mine angrie Syre.
Ne loth I hands of murther voyde to haue.
Though me my Syre (whō I ne wrongde at all)
With threatfull flame consumde, or manace with
The fire that present was at sacred rytes,
Or slea with swoorde which shamefully he gaue,
And wife sustaine the death hir husbande should:
Yet shall he not my dying lawes enforce
For to repent, or loth such frēndly ruth.
Let Danaus, and my sisters for their fact
Agrise: This ende such mischife aye ensues.
Recounting of that bloudie night doth make
My heart to quake, and sodaine tremor force
My hand to stay from that I thought to write:
She whom they dēmd could haue hir husbād slain

Of

Of murther not committed dædes to write:
But yet I will assay. With mantle black
When vkesome shade gan ouerspreade the soyle,
And kayling day did yelde to growing night:
The sisters led to Danaus Castle came,
And there Ægypt his daughters entertainde,
Which priuily were armde w̄ weakefull blades.
On euery side the golden Lampes did shine,
And in vnwilling flames the incense fuunde.
The people Hymen cryde, but Hymen fled
The place, and Iuno tho hir towne forwent.
When staggring they with wine, & fellows crie,
With garlandes fresh about their moysted locks,
To lodgings glad (their buriall places) go,
And on theri funerall beddes their corpses cast,
With Wine and slumber now they loden lay,
And quiet rest throughout all Argos was,
When (to my seming) round about I heard
Of dying men the grunts: which I in dæde
Did heare, and as I drad, it fell at last.
My bloud was fled, the heate forsoke my limmes
And in my nouell couch full colde I lay.
As Zephyrus the slender Rædes doth stirre,
And winter ayze doth shake the Popple træ:
Euen so (or moze) I quoke: astraught thou kayst,
The wine I gaue thée, was to forzen slæpe.
My fathers charge all feare had quight exilde,
I rose, and toke in trembling hande the swozde.

(I

I tell but truth) thrise caught I vp the tole,
And thrise from out my reaching fist it fell.
I naytheleſſe enforced by my Syres
Ruthleſſe precept, and watleſull warning giuen,
Unto thy throte applyde the threatning ſworde.
But feare and pittie my attemptes withſtode:
My ruthfull fiſt refuſde my fathers charge.
Renting my purple robes and treſſes downe,
In whiſpring wiſe then I thus gan to ſpeake.
Thy father (Hypermneſtra) cruell is
To thée, fulfill his Yeſt: a fellow let
Thy huſbande Lynceus to his brothers go.
Ah, I a Mayden am by nature and
By age debonaire, ne my andde for warre
And ſlaughter vnſitting is, ſéemely fact.
But what? go to, and while occaſion ſerues,
Thy valiant ſiſters ſue: I déeme by this
They all their Fœres haue ſent to Plutos Court.
Oh, if this hand could any murther done,
Unto my bloud it ſhould an iſſue giuen.
For bearing rule within their vncles raigne,
They not deſerued death, which naytheleſſe
To forraine ſonnes in law ſhoulde bene aſſignde.
Put caſe the men had well deſerude to die?
What haue we miſers done? or how aguilt?
What makes that I ſhould not be ruthfull aye?
Fie: what with cruell ſworde haue I to doe?
What ſhould a Mayd wō warlike weapons deale?

My handes for turne and twiſt more fitter were.
Thus I, and whiles I plaine, my teares enſude,
And from my face vpon thy carcaſſe fell.
Whilſt me to coll ỹ threwelt thy ſenſeleſſe armes,
The ſword wel nie thine armes had recht a woũd.
At length, of Syre, his ſeruants, and the day
Dreading: theſe words to breake thy ſlepe, I ſpake
Lynceus, that of thy brothers ſole doſt liue,
This night (vnleſſe thou haſte) will be thy laſt.
Thou vpriſte affright, and ſléepe abandoned
In trembling fiſt thou ſawſte the cruell ſworde.
To thæ, that tho didſt long to know the cauſe,
Whilſt night will giue thæ leaue (flæ, flée, qᵗ I)
By night thou fledſt, and I remainde behinde.
Aurora roſe, when Danaus gan to coumpt,
And tell the corſes of his murthred ſonnes:
Thou onely of the tale were found alacke.
That of his nephewes one had ſcapte the death
He toke in rage, complayning not ynoughe
Bloudſhed to be: ſuch was his egar thirſt.
I from my fathers fæte was taken ſtreight,
And haulde by the haire, to cruell priſon thruſt:
Of ruthfull pitie ſuch the guerdon was.
Dame Iunos wrath hath euer ſith endurde,
That Iö of a Nymphe a Cowe became,
And from a Cowe to Goddeſſe was tranſformde.
Alas, twas paine ynough a ſillie mayde
To lowghe in fieldes, and not hir Ioue to pleaſe.

But lately made a Cowe, hir fathers banckes
She stode vpon, and gazed in the flod
Vpon the hornes, which earst were neuer hirs.
And minding for to speake she lowght a god,
Both of hir forme, and of hir voyce afrayd.
Why Miser dooste thou flée? why musest at
Thy selfe in forde, and numbrest so thy féete?
That art to other members now transmude?
Thou, whom dame Iuno had in great suspect,
With boughes, and sedge thy famine dooste expell.
Of cloud thou drinkste, and gazest all agast
Vpon thy forme, dreading ỹ hornes thou bearste;
And one, of late so rich as might accoy
The mightie Ioue, lyest bare vpon the soyle.
By seas, by lands, and cosin flouds thou runst,
Both sea and lande, and lakes doe giue thée way,
Passage both sea and land, and Lakes allow.
What is the cause of flight? why (Iö) why
Dooste thou rangle the largie seas about?
Thine owne coũtnance thou maist not wel avoid.
Why (Iö) whither flées? the thing thou shonste,
Thou followste aye, and dooste by flight pursue.
Thou dooste both leade and follow hir that leades.
Nilus, to sea with seuen folde streame ỹ flowes,
Made hir doe waye hir brutish shape at last.
What néede I name the reast, that aged folke
Recite? my yeares occasion yélde of plaint.
My Syre and Uncle warre, we sisters we,

Hypermneſtra

Of realme and raigne exilde, are baniſht farre,
Ye cruell both the ſeate, and Scepter rules,
We nædie rangle with our nædefull Syze.
Of bzethzen now the leſſer part doth liue.
Whom I (as well the parties done to death
As Authozs of the cruell fact) bewayle,
Foz looke how many bzothers I am bereft
So many louing ſiſters loſt I eke.
Foz eyther part my dolefull teares I ſhead.
Lo, I (cauſe thou doſte liue) ſuſtaine the ſmart
What ſhould I guiltie beare? what tozmẽt bide,
That wzongfull paine without deſert endure?
I that was one of hundzed allyes earſt,
One bzother liuing Miſer ſhall be ſlaine.
But thou (O Lynceus) if regarde at all
Of ruthfull ſiſter lodge within thy bzeaſt,
And wozthie be, the guerdon I thée gaue:
Oz ayde me, oz with death fozedoe my cozſe.
And lay my limmes deuoyde of life by ſtealth
In earth, my bones engraue with faithful teares,
And on my Tombe this ſlender title wzite.

A boone vnfit for ruth, in wrong exile,
The death, that Hypermneſtra *from hir ſpouſe,*
And brother turnde ſhe miſer wight endurde.

Much mozе in heart yet could I finde to wzite.
Saue that my hands the clinking chaines do lode,
And gaſtly feare my wonted ſtrength bereues.

xv. Epistle, entituled

Paris to Helen.

Sir Paris *gone to* Greece
faire Helena *to coy,*
In Lacedemon *landes at length,*
receyued like a Roy
At Menelaus *house:*
the Host to Creta *goes*
Atreus *goodes but lately deade,*
in order to dispose.
Whose absence gaue the guest
occasion to bewray
His suite to Helen, *whilst (goodman)*
hir husband was away.
He shewes his secret loue
and what good will he beares,
And to make breach into the Forte
the subtile Souldier sweares.
He bragges of stately stocke,
he vaunres of Princely kinde:
He telles of Dardan *dames of* Troie
and more than was to finde.
The Ladie to allure,
his painted sheath he showde:
And in this wise his Peacocks plumes
the Troian spred abrode.

The.xv.Epistle.

Paris to Helen.

THis greeting Paris sendes
to Ledas daughter deare:
Whose helthfull state doth whole depend
vpon thy friendly cheare.
What? shall I speake? or needes
not this my flame be showne?
And more than I coulde wish to be
is loue alreadie knowne?
More lesser should it lurcke
(if I might haue my will)
Till fortune framde, as feare ne dreade
my gladsome ioyes might spill.
But I to cloake by craft
my loue not know the wayes:
For who can hide the flanckring flame
that still it selfe betrayes?
But if thou loke that I
with worde confirme the deede:
Take this as proufe of hidden hart,
I frie with feruent gleede.
Let him that doth confesse
finde at thy handes such grace:
In reading friendly all the rest,
as fittes thy featurde face.

It made me ioy to heare
my letters were receyude:
Whereof that he shall fauour finde
thy Paris hath conceyude.
Which hope I wish to be
of force, nor thou for nought
Of me through ouerpassed seas
by Venus Hestes be sought.
For least thou witlesse ere,
I came vnto this place
By warning of the Gods, and no
small God doth ayde my case.
Great guerdons I demaunde,
but not vndue to mee:
For Venus did compound that I
should fast be linckt with thée.
By hir conduct I from
Sigeus litto2 came
In Phereclean Barck, and did
by seas my iourney frame.
She gaue me windes at will,
and weather safe to saile:
No maruell if she that was borne
of waues, on seas preuaile.
Let hir persist, and calme
the raging of my breast,
As earst she did the seas: and bring
my bowes to harbors reast.

I brought with me this fire
I found not here my flame:
Which was the cause that hither I
my voyage long did frame.
Not hither Winters stormes
or errour me did driue,
At Tænaris was aye my minde
and purpose to ariue.
Surmise not me with wares
or Marchants Part to wende
Through fishfull flouds: the wealth I haue
immortall Gods defende.
Ne as a gaser I
to Graian Cities came:
For Troian towne (my native soyle)
thy Greece would lightly shame.
But thou whom Venus earst
vnto my bed behight,
Didst cause me come, for whom I wisht
or ere I knewe the wight.
In minde I bewde thy face
before I saw with eye:
And brute by flickring fame at first
thy beautie did descrie.
And maruell is it none
if I as one that was
Ystroke a farre with thirlings shaft,
in loue my time doe passe.

For

For so it pleasde the fates,
which least thou sæke to breake:
Lende eare to such vndoubted truthes
as I intende to speake.
When me within hir wombe
my mother did detaine:
And that the wearie poyse therof
hir strowting corps did paine:
She sæmde by Morpheus meanes
in dasied doubtfull dreame,
To haue as then bene brought abed
with flaming fierie streame.
Afright with feare she rose,
and what she sawe, she tolde
The aged King, and he forthwith
consulted sages olde.
Who preaching did pronounce
that Ilion should flame
With Paris fire, this ardent loue
I fæle it was the same.
My forme and forwarde heart
(though then I sæmde but base)
Was proufe and token that I came
of haulte and haughtie race.
A place there is in Ide
mid bushie laundes belowe,
Whereto no open way doth lie,
but Pine and Holme doth growe:

Where neyther simple shéepe,
nor Mountaine Goate did gnawe:
Nor lumpish Dre with flapping lippes
had filde his mownching mawe.
From thence the Dardane walles,
and buildings huge to sée:
And waltring waues of drenching seas,
I leande against a trée.
With trampling fête me thought
the soyle began to moue:
(Though I display but truth, yet thou
wilt scarce my tale approue:)
By force of flickring wings
was brought vnto the place
Cylenus, Atlas Nephewe néere,
and stode tofore my face.
(As lawfull twas to sée,
be léefull to recite)
And in his hande a golden rodde,
the God did holde vpright.
And heauenly Ladies thrée,
dame Venus, Iuno and
The princely Pallas, all at once
set footing on the sand.
I quoke for dread, my haire
stode staring on my heade:
When (set thy feare aside) to me
the winged Heraulde sed.

Thou art a iudge of formes,
stint all this godly warre:
And tell which of these thrée by right
thy verdit doth preferre.
And least I should refuse,
from Ioue he gaue me charge:
And therewith flue with gate direct
into the heauens large.
My strength began to growe,
and courage come anewe:
And then I drad not of the thrée
to take a perfite vewe.
All were surpassing wights,
but yet I stode in dred,
(Assigned Iudge) that erie one
might not alike be sped.
For one among the least
surmounted other so:
And that it were the Nurce of loue
thy selfe wouldst lightly know.
Such carke they had to winne,
as eche one did intende,
By largesse, and their godly giftes
my doubtfull domme to bende.
An Empire Iuno gaue,
dame Pallas vertues raigne:
I doubtfull stode where powre or ver-
tue were the best of twaine.

When ſweetely Venus ſmylde,
let giftes not moue thy minde
(Quoth ſhe) friend Paris: both repleate
with trouble thou ſhalt finde.
My onely boone ſhall bée,
that thou ſhalt loue, and haue
The ſnow white Ledas dearling deare
and daughter paſſing braue.
She ſaid, when iuſtly ſcande
both formes and guerdons weare:
The laſt with prycke and prayſe began
to mount vp to hir ſpheare.
Meanewhile (as froward fates
to better fortune grewe)
Be certaine ſignes for Priams childe
the Troians Paris knewe.
The ſonne receyude, the houſe
long time was fillde with ioie:
And that ſelfe day continues ſtill
as halowde yet in Troie.
And as I long for thée,
ſo maydens lowde me well:
Thou onely mayſt their wiſh atchiue,
and beare away the bell.
Not Princes heyres alone
or daintie dames imbrask:
But ſéemely Nymphes in ardent loue
with me were coupled faſt.

But

But lothſome was their loue,
I wayde them all aléeke.
When I of Helen ſtode in hope,
whom Venus wilde me ſéeke.
I waking with mine eye
did ſée thy face by day:
And in my heart I beWde thy foꝛme
when Phœbus was away.
What wilt thou preſent doe,
that in mine abſence ſo
Didſt Paris pleaſe? I fryde though farre
the fierie flame were tho.
Ne longer this my hope
I could deferre at laſt,
But that my purpoſe to aſpire
to ſea I went in haſt.
With Phꝛygian Axe were cut
the Troian trées to ground:
And Timber, what ſo foꝛ the ſeas
moſt fitteſt then was found.
The haughtie hilles were ſpoylde
of great and woꝛen woods:
And Ida lent me many a trée,
with all their ſturdie ſhꝛowds.
The Okes foꝛ warped Keales
and rudder were yſquarde:
And with his crooked clinching ribbes
the ſhip was well pꝛeparde.

We added maſte and toppe,
and hanging ſayles thereto:
And in the ſides our painted Gods
were poꝛtred all aroe.
In ſhippe wherein I went
was with hir little boye
Dame Venus grauen, whoſe behеſt
was cauſer of my ioye.
When Nauie was addreſt,
and readie was the charge:
To paſſe vpon Ægean ſeas,
was giuen me in charge.
My parents by requeſt
my voyage woulde haue ſtayde:
And that I would ſoiourne with them,
as earneſt ſuters prayde.
My ſiſter with hir lockes
(Caſſandra) lolling downe:
(When ſhippes were readie to avale,
from poꝛt within a ſtowne)
Why? whither goſte (quoth ſhe?)
thy freighting ſhalbe ſlame:
Thou little knowſte what fire thou fetſte,
that doſte this iourney frame.
I finde hir woꝛdes a trothe,
I fæle the foꝛſayde heate:
And raging loue in yeelding bꝛeſt
as kindled Cole doth kreate.

With

With that I left the porte,
by meane of blissefull blast
And friendly gale, I did arriue
vpon thy cost at last.
Thy husbande toke me guest,
with whome I harbourde thoe:
And not without the Gods aduise
he practisde that I knowe.
Who made me shewe of all
that goodlie was to beiwe
In Lacedemon, or else where
in stately Greece he kneiwe.
But nought might please mine eye,
or hungrie fancie leeke:
Who for thy passing praysed shape
with longing heart did seeke.
Whome when I saw, I musde,
mine inwarde parts I fealt
Surprisde with neiwe vnwonted cares
in monstrous wise to mealt.
A face resembling thine
(of trouth I minde it well)
Had Venus, when to iudge of hues
to Paris lot it fell
If thou hadst there bene prest,
contending for the game:
I doubt where Lady Venus shoulde
so lightly wonne the same.

Re-

Repoꝛt hath ſpꝛed thy pꝛayſe,
and Fame hir trumpet blowne:
So that in euerie countrie is
faire Helens beautie knowne.
In Troian towne is none,
ne from the riſing Sunne
A famous Laſſe that foꝛ hir hue
a ſemblant pꝛaiſe hath wonne.
And if thou darſte beléeue,
thy beautie doth ſurpaſſe:
And common rumoꝛ doth impeache
and bꝛædes thy beautie laſſe.
Here finde I moꝛe than me
the Goddeſſe had behight:
And all that gloꝛie by thy face
and foꝛme is paſſed quight.
Not Theſeus lowde foꝛ nought,
that knewe ſo well thy ſhape:
That were of ſuch a noble Duke
ſurmiſde a ſæmely rape.
When by the Græciſh guiſe
a naked Nymph didſt ſpoꝛte
With naked wightes, in place of playes
where Grecians did reſoꝛt.
I pꝛaiſe him foꝛ his rape,
I muſe he would foꝛgoe
So gwd a pꝛay: with valiant hart
it ſhoulde bene healde you knowe.

For from these shoulders first
should fall my scotched scull:
Ere thée out of my griping handes
a mortall wight should pull.
Would ere these armes of mine
haue let thée so depart?
Or during life mightst thou at all
from Paris clummes astart?
If néedes I should forgone,
I would haue had a share,
Nor all in Idle should haue laine
the lustfull Venus ware,
Or I thy maydenhead woulde
and daintie flowre haue gainde:
Or that which might haue bene allowde,
if maydenhead were restrainde.
To Paris plye, and thou
his constant heart shalt trie:
Who vowes with thée in selfe same fire
and funerall flame to frie.
For I haue thée preferrde
before the regall Mace,
Which wealthfull Iuno offred, when
I sate in Iudges place.
And to thæ fine I might
with armes thy necke enfolde:
I scornde the vertue Pallas gaue,
more worth than glowing golde.

That time when Ladies thrée
appearde in stately Ide,
By dexter iudgement there to haue
their doubtfull quarrell tride:
I sorow not my choyse,
ne yet repent at all:
My stable minde doth aye persist
as then it did, and shall.
This one request I make,
let not my hope be vaine,
(O famous dame) that well deserue
pursute with endlesse paine.
No Raskall séekes to match
himselfe in Gentils blood:
Ne thou to be my wedded spouse
mayst thinke thy selfe to good.
The Pleyade mayst thou finde,
and Ioue with stately stile
To me alide, the middle Grand-
sires though I should conclle
In Asia reignes my Syre,
(a fresh and fruitfull soyle)
Which scarcely may enuironde be
with long and painefull toyle.
Of Cities many one,
and lodges shalt thou sée:
And Temples such as fit for Gods
thy selfe wilt deeme to bée.

Great

Great walles with loftie towres
and Ilion shalt thou bewe:
Which stately buildings by the sounde
of Phœbus musick grewe.
What of the hugie presse
of people should I tell?
The Countrie scarce conteynes the folke
that in the Cities dwell.
A troupe of Troian Dames,
and Matrones thée will mæte:
The Phrygian Femes will stuffe eche porch,
and euery other stréete.
How often wilt thou say
Achaia is but poore?
The wealth of Gréekish townes is founde
in euery little bowre.
Ne lawfull is for me
thy Sparta to despise:
The place where thou were fostred, I
most bliskull doe surmise.
Yet Sparta is but spare,
more pompe thou doste deserue:
So meane a soile for such a face
doth nothing fitly serue.
Such beautie larger coast
Would well besæme in déede:
And aye on new delyghts were méete
for such a face to fæde.

When thus thou bewe our men
attyrde and brauely dight:
What wilt thou iudge of Troian trulles,
and of their vesture bright?
Now shew thy selfe a friend,
nor of a Phrygian scorne
Thou daintie dame, in Therapne-
an countrie that were borne.
For he a Phrygian was
and come of Troian line:
That to the Gods their Nectar giues
commixt with water fine.
A Troian Tython to
and yet she lykte him well,
That with the golden dawning doth
the drowping night expell.
Anchises was a Tro-
ian borne, and bred they say,
With whome the Dame of Loue in Ide
in shrowding shadow lay.
Thy spouse with me comparde
(though thou thy selfe were iudge)
For yeares and sæmely shape would be
a rascall and a snudge.
I will not giue to thée
a Fatherlawe, that by
His cursed fact did force the sonne
his fearefull fædes to wry.

Ne Pelops was the Sire
of Priam that with blood
Of Oenamus imbrude his handes,
and Mirtill drencht in flood.
Nor doth our Grandsire gape
for fruite in flattring lake
Of Styx, nor sekes for waues in Well,
his growing thirst to slake.
But what auayleth this,
if one be linckt with thée
Of their discent? Loue is enforst
this families head to bée.
Fie shamefull act, all night
that same vnworthy patch
With thée doth slæpe, and with his armes
thy sugred corps doth catch.
Thæ scarcely I descrie
when table clothes are led;
And that selfe time with carck and care,
and sorow ynough is sped.
Unto my mortall foes
such banquets fall I craue:
As when that Bacchus comes to brwde
I sielie Paris haue.
I hate mine harbour fore,
when so the ruffycke layes
His armes vpon thy snowish necke,
and with mine Hostesse playes.

Paris

I ſwell with wrath (but what
ſhould I now all declare:)
When with his clothes diſplayde the Chuffe
thy huſband, hydes thy bare.
But when you gan to kyſſe
and coll eche other apace:
(For that I would not ſée) the Cup
I ſet before my face.
Loke when he thée imbraſte,
to ground mine eyes I threwe:
And in vnwilling mouth my meate,
and yrkeſome prawnder grewe.
And grunting oft with griefe,
I ſawe full well when thou
At thoſe my woes in wanton wiſe
wouldſt ſmile with laughing brow.
With wine oft times I would
that fuming flame ſuppreſt:
But drunkenneſſe was flame in fire
and thus my heate increaſt.
And ſundrie ſights to ſhunne,
away my head I turne:
But thou eftſoones wouldſt make mine eyes
and fancie to returne.
Thus doubtfull what to doe,
a griefe theſe things to ſée:
But yet a greater griefe away
from ſuch a face to bée.

As

As much as lay in mee
this rage I striue to hide:
Yet naytheleſſe diſſembled loue
is quickly to be ſpide.
Ne art thou ought deceyude,
to thée my woundes be knowns:
And would to God that of my griefes
thou priuie were alone.
How oft when teares gan flush,
turnde I my head awrie?
Leaſt be the cauſe of mournefull mode
ſhould fortune to diſcrie?
How often with cup craſde
haue I ſome loue erpreſt?
And would vnto thy featurde face
eche worde and ſentence wreſt?
And of my ſelfe in cloſe
and fained name made ſhowe;
Euen I am be that lowde ſo well,
if thou the ſame not knowe.
And that I franckly might
vſe wanton words at will:
I would make wiſe of Bacchus wares
as though I had my fill.
Thy breaſt (I well recorde)
(thy veſture being loſe.)
Diſplayde vnto my ſtaring eyes,
thy beautie did diſcloſe.

Thy brest than Mountaine snowe
or morning Milke more clere,
Or Ioue that in the forme of Swanne
to Leda did appere.
Whilst at the sight I gazde
(I helde a Cup by hap)
And from my fist the Cup it fell
and in the flore did snap.
When thou thy daughter kist,
I would, the kisse to winne,
Hermions cheekes and cherrie lippes
eftsone to smack beginne.
Sometime layde bolt vpright
of former loue would sing:
And other sighes by beck would giue
a signe of secret thing.
The chiefe of all thy Mates
I bourded but of late:
To Clymen and to Æthra I
in humble wise did prate.
Who aunswered nothing else
but that they stod in dread:
And euen amids my earnest sute
away from me they stead.
Would thou were plaste as price
at some notorious watch,
That he who best in armes deserude,
thee for his Fere might catch.

Then

When as Hippomenes wanne
Atlanta in the fielde,
To whom a flock of suters earst
in running race did yéelde:
As Hercules the hornes
of Achelous broke,
When Deianeiras loue to fight
the Champion did prouoke:
I would my valiant prowesse
in semblant sort haue showne:
And that thy beautie causde the same
to thée it should be knowne.
Now nought remaynes, but euen
to sue to thée (faire Dame)
And grouse to fore thy féete to fall
if thou permit the same.
O flowre, and present prayse
of both thy brothers hyre:
O worthie wife for mightie Ioue
if Ioue were not thy Syre:
Or to Sigeian porte
with thée I will retire:
Or in exile at Tenaris
my carkasse shall expire,
For why, no slender darte
hath cleft my brest in twaine,
The mortall wounde hath brosde the bones,
and ransackt euery vaine.

In

In this (I minde it well)
Caſſandra ſpake aright:
Who ſaide in future time on me
a beauenly ſhaft ſhould light.
Wherefore, doe not deſpiſe
the loue allowde by fate:
So mayſt thou haue the gaſtly Gods
thy friends in néedefull ſtate.
I haue a thouſand things
which franckly to recite,
Receyue me to thy careleſſe Couch
in ſere and ſilent night.
What? doſt thou ſhame, or ſtande
in ſuch a baſhfull dred,
For to defile with ſecret ſcape
thy chaſte and bridely bed?
Too ſimple ſure thou art,
a ruſtick might I ſay?
Thinkſt thou that ſo well formde a face
from guilt may ſcape away?
Or thou muſt chaunge thy hue,
or not be hard at leaſt:
Twirt beautie and an honeſt life
was neuer warre in feaſt.
For Ioue delights in ſtealthes,
and Venus loues the ſame:
Ne Ioue had bæne thy Sire vnleſſe
had Leda lykte the game.

If griefes of loue haue force
  scarce chaste thou mayst be thought:
Whom lustfull Ioue and Leda light
  into this world hath brought.
Then leade an honest life,
  when we in Troie shall bée:
Let none be able to defame
  faire Helen but by mee.
Now let vs forge the fact
  which mariage shall amende:
If Ladie Venus words be true
  as tho shée did pretende.
Thy husbande not in words
  but déedes perswades thereto:
Who, for he would no hindrance be,
  deuisde from Greece to go,
He had no fitter time
  to ride from home but than:
O Lord it is a world to see
  the subtile craft of man.
Mine host is gone, who sayde
  at parture: wife I will
Thou take in charge my Troian guest,
  thy husbandes Hestes fulfill.
I sweare, thou dost neglect
  thy absent Féeres request:
For why, thou hast no carke at all
  to entertaine thy guest.

If

What

What doſt thou thinke in déede
that doltiſh ſielie man,
The thewes of Helens paſſing forme
may iudge, or throughly ſcan:
In faith thou art beguilde:
for if the good he owes
He knew, therewith he would not truſt,
a gueſt he ſcarcely knowes.
Though neyther thæ my voyce
nor friendſhip may procure
To yéelde me grace: conuenient time
may cauſe vs to play ſure.
Or elſe we are but Dolts,
and more than he to blame:
If ſuch occaſion we permit
to ſlide deuoyde of game.
In maner with his hande
he gaue his gueſt to thée:
Sée thou doe vſe ſuch ſimpleneſſe
that hath ſuch care of mæ.
The long and lothſome night
thou lodgeſt all alone:
And I poze Paris to redreſſe
my hapleſſe harmes haue none.
Let intermedled ioyes
conioyne vs both yfeare:
And that ſelfe night ſhall ſæme to vs
than brighteſt day more cleare.

Then

Then will I make my vowe,
appealing Gods to othe:
And by a sacred bande to thée
for pawne ingage my troth.
And then (vnlesse the trust
I in my selfe repose
We vaine) I vnto thée eksoones
my Scepter will disclose.
But if thou shame, and dread
to condiscend thereto:
I onely will sustaine the guilt
and thou exempt shalt go.
For why, thy brothers fact,
and Theseus will I take
As myrrours: nérer prowse than this
I know thou canst not make.
The Theseus earst, they two
Lucippids haue bereft:
And I as fourth example made
and myrrour shall be left.
My Nauie is at hande,
of men and armour store:
We shall to Troie flit in hast
by meane of winde and Ore.
Thou like a stately Quéene
through Dardan stréetes shalt ride.
The Commons will some Goddesse newe
surmise to haue espide.

What

What way soeuer thou goest
the perfumes they shall sweate:
And slaughtred beastes the gorie grounde
with blodie strokes shall beate.
My sisters with my Dame,
my brothers with the king,
And all the Trojan Matrones shall
their ample presentes bring.
Oh, scarce one parcell I
of future things recite:
Thou shalt haue more than in these lines
my fæble pen can write.
Ne doe thou rapted stande
of dreadfull warre in awe:
Ne feare that grudging Greece hir force
to wreake this rape will drawe.
Though sundrie were conuaide,
was neuer none pursude
With clattring armes: of troth this dread
vs causeleste doth delude.
In Boreas name the men
of Thrace Orithia stole:
Yet Byston had no hatefull warres,
nor enmies to controle.
In nouell Barcke was brought
by Iason through the seas
Medea: Colchos kept no coyle
ne Thessale did disease.

And

And he that stale thée first
reft Minos dearling deare:
And yet his men of Creta did
not once in armour steare.
The feare in these affaires
the daunger doth excell:
But afterwarde of feare we shame
when euery thing is well.
Put case that warre were wagde:
(if so thou list to thincke)
What, I haue men, and armour eake,
yea such as will not shrincke.
And Asia is no lesse,
than is your countrie wide:
Of valiant wights we haue good store,
and startling steades to ride.
Nor Menelaus shall
of greater courage bée
Than Troian Paris, nor in armes
more stiffe and stoute than hée.
For being yet a childe
I slue my haughtie foes
That stale my heirde: and of that fact
my valiant name arose.
And being but a Ladde
in sundrie combats wanne
The palme from Illioneus, and eake
Deiphobus the man.

And

And leaſt thou ſole ſurmiſe
mæ to preuaile at hande:
I can enforce my thirled ſhaft
full nære the marke to ſtande.
The like attempt in youth
Atrides neuer made:
Ne Menelaus mayſt thou match
with Paris for his trade.
Though all things elſe thou graunt
yet Hector can not bée
His brother, which will ſtande in ſteade
of thouſande men to mée.
Thou little knowſte my powre,
my force from thée is lockt:
Thou canſt not tell what man is he
with whom thou ſhalt be ſhockt.
Or with no tumult thou
ſhalt be requirde againe:
Or Grækiſh tentes to Paris Parte
to yéelde they ſhall be faine:
Yet néede I not diſdaine
to warre for ſuch a wife:
For why, the price doth well deſerue
to ſtirre a greater ſtrife.
And thou if all the worlde
for thee ſhould ſéeme to ſtriue:
Shalt ſtande aſſured in after time
for aye to be aliue.

Wherefore

Wherefore hath dreadlesse hope
departing from this shore,
And blissfull Gods, demaunde the giftes
I thée behight before.

The Argument of the xvj. Epistle, entituled Helen to Paris.

WHen Helen had the Troian writ perusde
She thought hir selfe to shamefully abusde.
She deemde it not the part of any gueſt,
To whoredome ſo his Hoſteſſe minde to wreſt.
To quayle the Princocks pride, and make a prouſe
Of ſpotleſſe fame, at firſt ſhe ſtandes alouſe,
At length when to and fro ſhe had diſcourſt
Of this and that, and collour well disbourſt:
She fawnes, ſhe frownes, ſhe freates, ſhe ſpeakes him faire,
She offred hope, but fed him with diſpaire,
As women wont, deuiſing many a toie,
But Paris hir in fine conuayde to Troie.

Helen to Paris.

NOw since thy letters haue
thus rashly wrongde my sight:
I thought it needefull with my penne
thy Pistle to requight.
And didst thou dare a guest,
(the boundes of hostage broke?)
And honest Matrone well espousde,
to pleasure to prouoke?
For this by whisking windes
ytost on wauing Seas,
Did Tænaris thée with port relieue
thy painfull plight to ease?
Nor (though inguestred thou
camste from a countrie farre)
My Pallace did gainst thée as then
his churlish gates debarre?
That such a wrong should be
rewarde for gwd desart?
Thou that didst enter so hast playde
no guestes, but enmies part.
Though lawfull be my plaint,
yet doubt I not at all,
But thou (when so thou heare thereof)
a rude complaint wilt call.

A ruſtick let me bée,
  ſo I not paſſe the bounde
Of honeſt ſhame, and in my lyke
  no cankred crime be founde.
So I in fayned looke
  doe cloake no churliſh cheare:
Nor in my face no grimme diſdaine
  nor bended browe appeare.
Yet honeſt is my fame,
  I liue deuoide of ſpot:
No luſtfull Lecher for his life
  is able mée to blot.
Which makes me muſe the more
  what ſhould embold thée ſo,
To take this ſtraunge attempt in hande
  a maried wife to woe?
Cauſe Theſeus wrongde me once,
  well worthie am I déemde
To be a Ruffians rape againe,
  and ſo to be eſtéemde?
The guilt was mine, if I
  allured were to yll:
But ſo I rapted were by force,
  what coulde I doe but nyll?
Ne he by that his fact
  his hoped bootie gote:
Set feare and womans dread aſide,
  I nought abode God wote.

The wretch by wrestling wonne
at Helens hande a kisse:
And laide hir on the lippe sometime
he had no more but this.
Scarce would you bene content
(vnthristie so you are)
With that: I thanke the Gods, that he
and thou didst differ farre.
He yéelded mé againe
and me did scarcely touch:
And did repent him of his fact,
his modestie was such.
Did Theseus so recant
that Paris should succéede:
For feare least on my blaled armes,
the people should not fréede:
Yet I am nothing wroth,
(for who can angrie bée
With that she loues:) if this my loue
be faithfull vnto mée.
For thereof doubt I fore,
not for distrust at all,
Or that my face and featurde forme
into suspect I call.
But for such light beliefe
and credit workes our wo:
And suters tales are freight with frawde,
and fired faith forgo.

But others doe aguilt,
an honest Patron rare:
Who barres that I amonge those fewe
should haue a partie share:
For cause my mother erde,
perhaps thou thinkst me light
By hir example to be wonne,
by meane of natures might.
To cloake my mothers crime
an errour is in store:
For why, the Lecher lurckte in plume
to worke his will the more.
If I shoulde doe amisse
of force therof I knowe:
There is no errour mine offence
to hide from open showe.
Hir scape is well allowde,
the Author made it lesse:
There is no Ioue at all to cloake
my fault if I transgresse.
Thou brauste vpon thy stock,
thy Grandsires Princes are:
This house of worthy Auncestors
and Nobles is not bare.
I will conceale that Ioue
was Atreus Grandsire great:
Of Tantalus or, Pelops I,
nor Tyndaris minde to treat.

But

But Leda lendes me loue
my ſtately Sire to bée
Whom foule beguilde with ſwannish forme
and falſed birde we ſée.
Now vaunt thy Troian heades
and ginners of thy race:
Let Laomedon be in preſſe
and Priam eke in place.
Whom I commend: but hé
that firſt is of your line,
(Thy greateſt pride) I finde the ſame
the formoſt man in mine.
Though Troian Scepter I
account to bée of fame,
Yet iudge I not our Empire ought
inferiour to the ſame.
Suppoſe our wealth you paſſe,
and Teucrian troupe excell
Our Grékiſh ſoyle: yet barbarous is
the countrie where you dwell.
So great rewardes your lines
and letters me behight,
As well they might accoy, and cauſe
to yélde a heauenly wight.
But ſo I minded were
to breake the boundes of ſhame:
Thy ſelfe ſhouldſt ſoner make me yélde
than all thy gifts of fame.

Or I for aye will liue
and leade vnspotted life,
Or thée more rather would ensue
than all thine offers rife;
As I not scorne the same,
in price so are they thought
The greatest giftes to whom the giuer hath their beautie brought.
But most of all I weigh
thy loue, that for my sake
Such paines abodste, whose hope to passe
the seas did vndertake.
And eke at tables set
(though with dissembling browe
I sæke to hide thine amorous tricks)
I note them well ynowe.
Sometime thou (wanton wight)
dost cast a glauncing blink
With wrested looke, whereat well neare
my daunted eyes doe shrinck.
Againe you sigh as fast,
another time you take
The cup, and where I dranck, euen there
your falsed thirst doth slake
With fingers (Lord) how oft,
and with a talking browe,
Hast thou me giuen secret signes,
I wote well where, and howe?

And

And oft I stode in feare
my husbande saw the same:
And often dreading to be spide
I blusht with bashfull shame.
Oft times with whispring words
vnto my selfe I sed:
(This is a shameleſſe guest) my wordes
did hit the nayle on hed.
And often wrought in wine,
I rad vpon the borde,
Euen vnder Helens name (*I loue*)
I well receyde the worde.
But that I had distrust
therof, my lokes did showe:
But now (alasse) to write the like
doth hapleſſe Helen knowe.
These fansies might haue forse
my ruthfull brest to bende,
And turnde my heart, if to aguilt
I would at all intende.
Thy feature I confesse
is rare, and such to sée,
As might allure a womans hart
to linck hir selfe with thée,
I wishe that hap to fall
vpon some single Dame:
Ere I with forraine loue should séeke
my bridely bed to shame.

Well

Well liked things to lacke
by my example leare:
It is a vertue to abstaine
from what thou hast so deare.
How many youthes haue wisht
for that which thou doste craue?
What? Paris doste thou déeme, that thou
alone good iudgement haue?
Thou sæst no more than they,
but madder is thy minde:
Thy courage is no bett than theirs,
lesse shame in thée I finde.
Would then thou hadst repayrde,
and hither come by flode:
When mée in prime and flowring yeares
a thousand suters wode.
Of thousand thou the first
if I thæ tho had sæne,
(My dome to beare withall I craue
my husband) thou hadst bæne.
To things possest thou comste,
and gotten goods to late:
To slow thou were, another hath
in that thou crauste, estate.
As then thy Troian wife,
I would haue wisht to bæ:
So now Atrides not agaynst
my will enioyeth mée.

Ceale

Ceaſe thou with wordes therefore
to ranſack Helens hart,
To hir (thou ſayſt thou louſte ſo well)
procure no grutching ſmart.
But let me kéepe the ſort
that Fortune hath allowde:
Séeke not my fame and good report
to darke with ſhadie clowde.
But Venus ſo behight,
and in the vales of Ide
Thrée heauenly wights ſtarke naked came
to clayme their beauties pride.
Of whome one gaue thée raigne,
th'other Bellonas ſkill:
The thirde pronownſte that Helen ſhoulde
be plyant to thy will.
In faith I ſcarcely thinke
ſuch Ladies would vouchſaue,
For chiefeſt beauties peereleſſe price
thy doubtfull domme to haue.
Suppoſe it were a troth,
the reaſt was all vntrue:
That for ſuch iudgement I ſhould be
a recompence to you.
I ſtande not ſo much on
my beauties pride, to déeme
That me the greateſt gift of all
the Goddeſſe did eſtéeme.

My feature is content
of men to purchase fame:
I like it not that Venus should
so much commende the same.
But nothing I denie
the prayse full well I lœke:
For to what ende should I gainesay
the thing I chiefly seeke?
Ne let it wrath thée that
I hardly thée beléeue:
To matters of importance great
we scarcely credit géeue.
Wherefore I ioy it most
that Venus lykte me so:
And next for such a stately gift
that thou did take me tho.
And that thou didst preferre
my blased beauties good
Fore Pallas gift, and Iunos raigne
that there in iudgement stood.
Then I thy vertue am,
then I to thée a raigne:
I were to stonie if I woulde
not loue the like againe.
God sayth I am no stéele,
but him to loue I shonne
Who (scarce I thinke) may be my spouse
when all my worke is donne.

Will by

Why should I fondly séeke
to plough the barren sande?
Or hope on that which place it selfe
doth verie much withstande?
I skilleſſe am in scapes,
the Gods recorde I call
I neuer by deceitfull sleight
beguilde my Fære at all.
In that to couert scrole
my wordes I now commit,
My letters doe attempt a thing
they neuer practisde yet.
Thrise blest that are inwrde,
I wote not how to play
That part as yet, to guilt full harde
I doe surmise the way.
This dreade doth much annoy
and sore I am agast,
Suspecting all the peoples eyes
on vs are fired fast.
Nor this I feare in vaine,
the busling brute I knowe:
And Æthra what report had gone,
to mæ but late did showe.
Unleſſe thou minde to cease,
dissemble thou therefore:
But why shouldst thou now stint thy sute?
thou canst dissemble sore.

In

In secret vse thy toyes,
and spare thou not to play:
Now scope we haue, though not the most,
my husband is away.
Ye now is farre from home
affayres compelde him so:
A iust and good occasion he
had out of towne to go.
When in a doubt he stode
his iourney forth to take,
Dispatch (quoth I) good sir, and see
a quick returne you make.
Th'abodement lykte him so,
as he to killing fell:
And gaue me charge of house and goods,
and bade me vse thée well.
I scarce my laughter helde,
which whilst I striue to stay:
Saue that it should be so in déede,
I had no worde to say.
To Crete he went in haste
by helpe of winde and Oze:
But thou, that all things lœkull are,
must not surmise therefore.
So is my spouse alacke,
as in his absence well
Ye doth me garde: that Princes haue
long reach canst thou not tell?

Fame doth impayze our ioyes
for how much moze you lacke
And prayse me: so much moze you cause
to stande in feare the Greeke.
The lawde I loue so well
(as now consistes the case)
Annoyes: moze better were that fame
had neuer blazde my face.
That I am left with thée
now he is farre away
Muse not: he trustes my maners well
and thinks in me some stay.
My face did make him dread,
he trustes my life full well:
The suretie which my maners brede,
my beautie doth expell.
Thou willste me to be wise
and vse the present tide:
And not to let so fit a time
deuoyde of game to slide.
I would, and am afrayde
as yet my heart doth quake:
And fearefull brest in doubt doth stande,
and knowes not which to take.
My spouse doth now dislodge,
and thou alone dosse lye:
Thy beautie likes me well, and He-
lens shape contents thine eye.

The nights are passing long,
and we to chat begin:
And thou art euen a pleasant guest
and both one house within.
God wot eche thing doth séeme
this fact to further aye:
And yet I know not how the same
my quiuering feare doth stay.
As thou perswadste but yll,
would well thou mightst constraine
Mée to thy will, this rudenesse then
should be expelde amaine.
Sometime receyued wrong
auailes the pacient much:
How blist were I, such force to bide
if Helens hap were such:
Moze better were while loue
is rawe and grœne, to stay:
For flame that scarcely kindled is
will soone consume away:
Fewe drops of sprinkled water will
the sparkling fire delay.
As straungers starters are
vncertaine be their lowes:
And when thou thinkst them surste of all
their wauering faith remoues.
Let Hypsiphyl recorde
and Mynos daughter trye:

For

For they themselues with wandring wights
in bridely bande did tie.
And thou of whome Oenon
was many yeares imbrast,
Art sayd without a iust desert
to shonne the nymph at last.
Which thou dosste not denie:
and very troth to tell,
My chiefest care was to enquire
where thou didst vse thée well.
And though thou wouldest full faine
be stable now in loue,
Thou canst not, for thy Teucrian ships
will out of hande remoue.
While we doe tale ycare,
and fired night shall bée,
The winde will serue thy sayles so well
as thou wilt part from mée.
Amid his pleasant course,
that vnacquainted play
Will stint, and with the whisking winds
our friendship passe away.
Shall I (as thou perswadste)
go bewe the Troian towne:
Or vnto great Laomedon
a Daughterlaw be sowne:
Perdie I more accoumpt
of swift and flickring fame,

Than that in euery land it ſhould
haue powze to ſpzed my name:
What Sparta might of mee
and all Achaia ſpeake?
What auncient Aſias famous townes,
and Priams manſion eake?
What Priamus of me,
and Priams wife might ſay?
Thy bzothers, with the Troian dames
what might they blaſt I pzay?
And laſt, how mightſt thou hope
me faythfull ſpouſe to finde?
Thine owne example would pzocure
diſtruſt within thy minde.
What gueſt ſo euer ſhall
to Ilion repeare,
Will bzéede ſuſpect within thy bzeaſt
and make thée ſtande in feare.
How oft wilt thou inragde
tearme me by harlots name,
Fozgetfull that thy owne offence
was cauſer of the ſame?
Thy ſelfe wilt both pzocure
and blame the fact at laſt:
Ere that I wiſhe in hollow baute
my carkaſſe to be plaſt
But I ſhall haue the welth
of Troie, and bzaue aray;

And

And mo rewardes than promise was,
thus did thy Pistle say.
Of precious Purple I
and Arrasse store shall haue:
And be enrieht with hugie heapes
of massie golde so braue.
Forgiue that I confesse,
I way not all the golde:
I wot not how this soile doth seeme
thy Helen to withholde.
For if I wronged were,
in Troie no succour is:
My brothers ayde I stande assurde,
and fathers helpe to misse.
False Iason euery thing
to Medea behight
And yet in fine from Æsons lodge
she was erpelled quight.
And being so refusde,
she coulde not make retourne
To Ætes, Ipsea, nor with Chalcio-
pe for shame sojourne.
I nothing dreade the like,
no more did Medea tho:
But sundrie times abodements doe
good hope delude, we know.
The ships that now in surge
and prefull seas doe ride:

When first they wayd their Ankcors, had
a calme and pleasant tide.
The brande doth brœde my dreade,
wherewith thy Dame was sed
Before hir wonted time of birth,
to haue bene brought a bed.
The Sothsayers salwes I feare,
which spake the time would bœ,
When men of Troie within their walles
the Grœkish flame should sœ.
As Venus friendes thœ, for
thœ wanne the glittring fruite,
And foylde the other two that were
hir riuals in the sute:
So dreade I their disdaines
which (by thine owne report)
In iudgement were so put a back
in such reprochfull sort.
And if I follow thœ,
I doubt it not (alas)
But that through swordes and wreakefull blades
our hapless loue shall passe.
With Centaurs to discorde,
and blodie warres to wage
Did Hippodamia cause the men
of Thrace in yrefull rage:
And dost thou dœme my Fœre
will vnreuenged go

In quarrell iuſt: my brothers both
and Tindaris alſo:
For that in brauerie you
your Martiall dædes recite:
The truth is thus, that from your words
your feature differs quite.
For Venus fitter thou
than Mars doſt ſeeme to bee:
Loue Paris, and let men of force
go fight in fielde for thée.
Let Hector, whom thou ſo
doſte vaunt in armour broyle:
Another kinde of warrefare is
farre better for thy toyle.
If I were in my wittes,
or somewhat bolder were
I would vſe theſe: the woman that
are wiſe will vſe this geare.
And laying ſhame aſide
perhaps hereafter I
Will condiſcend, and conquerde with
continuance will applie.
For that in ſecret thou
doſte long the reſt to tell,
The couert talke that thou wouldſt vſe,
I know it paſſing well.
To haſtie ſure thou art,
thy harueſt is in graſſe:

Perhaps this tariance will the bet-
ter bring thy will to passe.
This ye my letters leaue
my guiltie minde to showe:
Thou Quill, that wearied hast my hand,
in this no farther go:
The reast by Clymen I
and Æthra will disclose:
Which two are of my counsell chiefe,
in whome I trust repose.

The Argument of the xviij. Epistle, entituled Sappho to Phaon.

PHaon in passage Boate
his painefull liuing gate
And ferrying folke from shore to shore
relieude his needefull state.
Twas Venus hap at last,
without a profred hire
To Phaon for his painefull toyle,
a passage to desire.
The Whirryman agreed,
and ferried hir for nought,
Whome he no heauenly Goddesse, but
a mortall woman thought.
She in rewarde a Box
of ointment gaue to him,
That coulde enforce a featurde forme,
and make the beautie trim.
Within a while this Lad
the Lasses had allurde,
But wanton Sappho least of all
his beauties beames endurde.
She looude him passing well,
he forst hir not a rush:
Hir siely Nymph inragde with loue
a thousand cares did crush.

The Argument.

To Sicill Phaon *goes,*
Then Sappho *ſeemde vndonne,*
And thought by ſpeedie leauing life
hir waſting flames to ſhonne.
From Leucas *ſhe pretendes*
(Epyrus *Mount*) *to fall,*
And ſo by haſtned death to leaue
both loue and life withall.
To Leucas *ere ſhe came,*
to ſuing flat ſhe fill,
And to vnfriendly Phaon *did*
deuiſe this friendly Bill.
In hope to winne the wight,
and purchaſe loue againe,
Wherein ſhe telles hir twiching griefes
and pennes hir pinching paine.

Sappho to Phaon

WHere when thou salwest at first
my louing lines with eye,
Thou knowledge hadst frō whence they came
and notice by and by:
Where if thou hadst herein
not red the Authors name
And Sappho sayne, thou hadst not knowne
from whom this writing came:
Demaunde thou wilt perhaps
what me procurde to write
This kinde of verse, that mirrie tunes,
and Luting doe delight:
For that this loue of mine
is dolefull and the verse
Elegia callde a wofull kinde
of myter to rehersc.
No Cythron serues a mourning minde
whom cruell cares doe pierse.
As straw doth kindle sone,
when Eurus ginnes to drive
The flash into the fertill fieldes:
euen so I frie aliue.
To Ætna Phaon nowe
hath tane his way in hast:

And

And me poore wench as great a fire
as Ætnas flame doth wast.
I can not frame my frets,
my stubburne strings doe farre:
For why, in déede of quiet minde
such verses tokens arre.
Pyrino is forgot,
ne Driads doe delite
My fancie: Lesbian Lasses eke
are now forgotten quite.
Not Amython I force,
nor Cydno passing fine:
Nor Atthis as she did of yore,
allures these eyes of mine.
Ne yet a hundreth mo
whom (shame ylayde aside)
I fancide erste: thou all that loue
from them to thée hast wride.
In thée doth feature flowe,
thy yeares for dalliance apt:
Thy face, O face t'is thou that hast
my shaken senses rapt.
A Quiuer and a Lute
take thou in hande, and thée
Apollo men will déeme: d'on hornes
and Bacchus thou shalt bee.
And Phœbus Daphne lowde,
king Minos darling deare

God

God Bacchus lykte, yet neyther of both
a Cytherons string could steare.
But me Pegasian Nymphes
haue learned on the Lute,
And throughout all the world is borne
of Sapphos songs the brute.
Nor Alcæus (though vpon
a statelier string doe sounde
Hy mate for Art, and countrie eke)
a greater prayse hath founde.
Though I at natures hande
no featurde face could gaine:
Yet those defaultes of kinde I quite
by goodnesse of the braine.
Disdaine me not, although
but meane my stature bee:
And in pronouncing verie short
you Sapphos name doe see.
Put case I be not faire?
swarth Andromed to bewe,
Duke Perseus pleasde: Morisco soyle
allowde hir tawnie hewe.
Full oft the whitest Doues
with speckled Culuers tred:
And oft we see the Turtle browne
with Popingay doth wed.
If none, vnlesse hir forme
could match thy featurde shape,

Should

Should lincke with thee: thou doubtlesse shouldst
from mariage aye escape.
But when thou bewdste my verse,
then Sappho séemde in sight
A comely wench, thou swarste that me
alone became to wzight.
I sang, I minde it well,
foz Louers fire in bzeast
Fozepassed toyes, and thou the while
to killing thée adzeast.
Those busses lykte thee eke,
foz euery poynt I was
Befancide well: but most when we
to Venus pzancks did passe.
Then did my wanton tricks
and loftie mounting, mozе
With sucred wozds, delight thy minde
(my Phaon) than of yozе.
And that when both our ioyes
confounded were, I lay
With wearie limmes, and languoz lame
and had no wozde to say.
Now are Sicilian trulles
thy nouell pzay, I séе:
In Lesbos what make I? a wench
of Sicill I will bee.
O Nysian Matrons, O
Sicilian Dames I say,

This

This loytring guest of ours erpell
your Countrie boundes I pray.
Ne let his glosing tongue
your listning eares beguile:
For why to vs he hath ere this
vsde that selfe same stile.
And Ladie Venus, thou
that knowen art to dwell
(Rue on thy Poetes piteous plight)
among the Sicans fell.
Will aye this cruell chaunce
in one selfe tenor ronne?
And still persist in spitefull sorte
as when hir race begonne?
For but a Babe in yeares;
and lacking three of nine,
My parents bones I gathered vp
and bathde with saltish brine.
My needefull brother burnt
with beastly strumpets flame:
And did endure both wrack of wealth
and spitefull losse of fame.
To beggrie brought he plies
the slyding seas with Oze:
And gettes againe with shamefull shifts
the wealth he spent before.
And me for sound aduise
pursues with deadly hate;

This

This was the onely good to mee
that my free speaking gate.
And eke as though I lackt
a cause to breede my dole,
My little daughter heapes vp hoe,
that prettie prating soule.
But last of all, thou art
the forger of my bale:
Aye me poore wench, my beaten Barcke
fits not with pleasant gale.
Marke out of order how
my lolling tresses flee:
No glistring Gem, or Iuell is
vpon my hand to see.
My vesture is but vile,
not spanged is my top:
My hanging heare with Ciuet, nor
Arabian dew doth drop.
For whome (vnhappie Girle)
should Sappho go so gay:
Whome seeke to please: the Author of
my brauerie is away.
My gentle yeelding breast
eche lightsome dart may brose:
And aye I finde a cause to loue,
and can none other chose.
Or else at time of birth
the sisters set this lawe:

Allowing

Allowing me such cruell twist
that did my destny drawe:
Or custome growes to kinde,
and vse becommes an Arte:
I wote not well but sure I haue
by kinde a gentle hart.
What wonder, if with such
a beardlesse youth I were
Attacht, whose tender childish yeares
allowde his chinne no heare?
I drad (Aurora) least
for Cephalus thou woulde
Ychosen him: saue that thy former rape doth thée withholde.
If Phœbe vewe him once,
that all suruayes with eye?
My Phaon shall be quickly forste
in slumber long to lye.
In Iuorie Wagon would
dame Venus, to the starres
Borne him: but that she feard he would
haue coyde the God of Warres.
O thou that neyther art
a boy, nor man in sight,
But aptest age: of all thy race
the most excellent wight,
Come hither, come, and to
my bosome make retowre:

Thou Phaon art my carke,
my dreames reduce to minde
Thy countnance: dreames which clearer than
the shining Sunne I finde.
I méete thée oft in sléepe,
though thou be nothing nie,
But of this sléepe the slipper ioyes
to soone away doe flie.
Full oft vpon thine armes
my lodging neck I lay:
And then me thinks thy head as much
my limber armes doe stay.
I know thy kisses well:
and am not nowe to séeke
How thou were wont to smack thy wench,
and she to doe the léeke.
I play the wanton Gyrle
sometime, and séeme with thée
To chat, and thinke my slumbring sense
awaked wide to bée.
I blush to tell the rest
that followes, but there is
Naught left vndone that dredes delight,
I could not Phaon misse.
But when that Titan splayes
his face, and all beside:
I make complaint that winged sléepe
so soone away did slide.

To

To Groues and Caue I truge,
as though they did me good:
The Caue and Groues that witnesse there
in place of pleasure stood.
Inragde I thither runne,
as doth the frantike fro
Whome fell Erichtho hath in chase,
my locks at random go.
There plainely I discrie
with rotten Tothe yspred
A place that earst in lieu was
to me a better bed.
I finde the Wood where we
with boughes and gallant greaues
Yshadowde haue full often laine
among the flittring leaues,
The owner is alack
both of the place and mée:
The place is but a filthie soyle,
the place his dowre was hée.
The twifolde turning turffe
I know it very well,
And grasse, with bended head to grounde
that with our tumbling fell.
I layde me grouse vpon
thy wonted side: the banck
(A pleasant plot of pleasure earst)
my flushing teares it drank

Againe the naked boughes
(their garments layde in grounde)
Did ſéeme to mourne, no mirrie fowle
did vſe his warbling ſounde.
The wofull Dame alone
that fowly was awroke
Upon hir ſonne, that Itis hight
In dolefull dittie ſpoke.
The chyrping Fowle hir childe,
but Sappho wayles hir loue,
Forlorne Lalle: when all things elſe
the ſlumbers ioyes doe proue.
A Chriſtall Well there is
than ſhining Glaſſe more ſhére,
A holy ſpring, ſome demen that
ſome ſacred Saint is there.
A watrie Lotos ſpreades
his ſprayes athwart the Well:
And all about with tender Sedge
the gréeniſh grounde doth ſmell.
Where wofull wight, when I
had layde me on the graſſe:
Eftſoone a ſtripling did appére,
a proper boy it was.
Ye ſtode him ſtill and ſayde:
what meanſte thou (Nymph) I pray
To frie with ſuch vnegall flames:
to Ambrace go thy way.

There Phœbus from aloft
the open ſea doth face:
Leucadium men they ſay, or elſe
Actæum terme the place.
Deucalion thence inragde
with Pyrrhas loue did fall
Of purpoſe, and he naytheleſſe
ſuſtaynd no hurt at all.
And ſtraight conuerſed loue
forſoke his ſwelting breaſt
That was yorencht; and ſo good man
Deucalion came to reaſt.
Such is the place his powre
and hidden force by kinde:
Go thither in poſt, and ſkip adowne,
let feare not moue thy minde.
He vaniſht with his voyce
I roſe me vp againſt:
And all to bainde my cheereleſſe cheekes
with teares that fluſhed faſt.
I (Nymph quoth I) will trudge
vnto the bidden place:
Let raging loue haue force and powre
all feare away to chaſe.
What fortune ſo befall,
will better preſent plight:
O gentle ayre beare vp my corps
that now is paſſing light.

And thou (O frændly Loue)
come vnderset thy wing:
Least if I die, defame vnto
Leucadian goulfe doe spring.
Then I to Phœbus will
my pleasant Lute bequeath:
And brauely cause to be ingraude
this Verse or two beneath.
O *Phœbus*, this hir Lute
hath *Sappho* left to thee:
For in that Art she during life
and thou did well agree.
Fye (Phaon) why dost thou
me to Acteum driue:
And thou thy selfe mayst make returne
and saue thy loue aliue?
More healthfull then the flood
of Leucas thou mayst bee:
And by thy beauties seemely shape
Appollo vnto mee.
And canst thou (oh) more harde
than rocke, and ruthlesse waue
If so I die the title of
my death indure to haue?
Ah, how much better might
my breast conioyne with thine,
That thus be cast from craggie cliffe
to Sea of surging brine?

That selfe same breast which thou
commended hast so oft:
And which with passing wisdom fraught
thy selfe (friend Phaon) thought.
Now would I were faconde,
but dolour hinders Arte:
And all my wit is me bereft
by long enduring smart.
My wonted vaine in verse
is ouerdrie become:
My lowring Lute laments for woe,
my Harpe with dole is dombe.
Ye Lesbian Lasses all
that border on the Lake:
And ye that of the Æolian towne
your names are thought to take,
Ye Lesbian Lasses (that
for cause I woude you sore
Bréde my defame) vnto my Harpe
I charge you come no more.
Loke what did like you earst,
of that is Phaon sped:
Alas poore wretch, my Phaon I
had very neare vsed.
Cause Phaon to retire
and then your Poet will
Reuert againe: t'is he that doth
both make and marre my skill.

What: doe my prayers preuaile,
or pierce his steely brest:
Or is he standing stiffe at stay,
a retchlesse rigorous guest:
Or doe the puffing winds transport
my wordes into the west:
The gale that hence conuaies
my voyce, oh that it might
Reduce thy fleeing Barck againe,
and bring thy ship in sight.
O ouerlingring Lad,
in fayth if thou were wise,
Thou wouldst attempt to make returne
and folow mine aduise.
What: wilt thou come: or no:
we for thy ship prepare
Our vowed giftes: why doth thy stay
enforce our hearts to care:
Auale and lose thy Barcke,
take seas for Venus shee
That came of seas, will calme the surge
come off the gale will bee
As friendly to the comming keale
as thou wouldst wish to see.
At Helme will Cupid sit,
and steare thy ship to lande:
He both will hoyse, and hale the sayles
with skilfull Boateswanes hande.

Or if thy pleasure bée
from Sappho farre to trudge:
(Who neuer did deserue so yll
of thée, thy selfe be iudge.)
At least let cruell lynes
will hir vnhappie wench
Vnto Leucadian foorde to flée,
and there hir coorps to drench.

The Argument of the xviij. Epistle, entituled Leander to Hero.

LEander looude a Lasse that Hero hight
And dwelt in Sest, the channell did deuide
Their countries so, as Sestus was in sight
Of Abydon, that stoode in th'other side.
Nightly the youth to Hero shoope his way,
And woulde returne againe before the day.

At length the tempest rose, the windes did blo,
The waters wrought so roughly as they coulde,
That seauen dayes space Leander might not go
To Sestus shore, as he was wont of olde:
But yet by chaunce a Mariner there went,
By whome these lines vnto his loue he sent.

Wherein he shewes his Loue and faythfull hart,
Wherein he plaines against the troublous Tide,
And vowes at last (all dreade yset apart)
To swim the seas, that he before had tride:
He rather chose to hazard life, than dwell
A weeke or two from hir he looude so well.

Leander to Hero.

FRom Abydon theſe lynes
Leander doth endite,
And bealth to Hero ſendes, which he
would rather bring than write.
If Neptunes waters were
with frendly Gods agrœde:
There were no choiſe for thée to chooſe,
but thou my woordes ſhouldſt rœde,
But Gods withſtand my wiſh,
and kéepe my hope areare:
That will in no wiſe giue me leaue
to flit vnto my feare.
Thy ſelfe doſt ſée the ſkies
with pitchie cloudes ſo blacke,
And waltring waues ſo toſt with winde
as ſhippes are nie the wracke.
Yet one, than all the reaſt
more bolde, by whome I ſend
Theſe lynes, to Seſtus by the Seas
did dare his courſe to bend.
With whome Leander would
haue bene imbarked faine:
Had not Abydos giuen the gaſe,
and ſœne his ſhipping plaine.
I could not kœpe the fact
hid from my Parents eye
As earſt I had, but that they would
my lurcking loue diſcrye.

At length I toke my Quill,
wherewith I might endite,
Go blissefull scroll to Heros handes,
than snowe (quoth I) more white.
First will she thée receyue,
and after touch with lip
When she with toth shall go about
the signed seale to rip.
These whispering wordes I spake
in soft and silent sort:
The reast my wryting hande did will
my paper to report
That hande wherewith I would
more rather swimme than write:
And cut the waues from drenching goulfe
my flitting corps to quite.
Than fist that fitter is
to clap the flood that floes:
And yet will serue my turne right well
my secretes to disclose.
Now seauen nightes are ypast
since Neptunes rage begunne:
A yeare well nie it sæmes to mæ,
so slow the time doth runne.
If any pleasaunt nap
or quiet slæpe mine eyes
In all this space surprisde: let Heas
persist in ryefull wise.

Sitting

Sitting in dolefull dumpe
vpon a rock, I sæ
Thy strond, my soule is præsent where
the carkasse may not bæ.
Beside in Turrets top
a Lambe I did discrie:
Or else mine eyes were soule deceyude,
and toke there marke alwie.
Thrise laide I downe my robes
in safe and sandie shore:
And naked thrise assayde to swimme,
as oft I had before:
But swelling waters made
me of my purpose faile,
And by the force of froward streames
did drench me top and taile.
Oh waywardst of the windes.
of Æols Impes the wurst:
Wi hy dost thou shewe thy selfe to mée,
so cruell and so curst:
I, not the surging Seas,
of this sustaine the smart:
This were ynough if thou of loue
hadst neuer felt the dart.
For though with colde thou quake,
yet canst thou not denie,
But that with Orithias flame
thy frostie flesh did frie.

When

Leander

When thou wast fully bent
Dame Venus spoztes to trie:
If any had restrainde thy course
thou wouldst haue lowt awzie.
Oh, (Boreas) tame thy wzath,
rebate thy raging yze:
So Æole giue thée nought in charge
but as thou wouldst desire.
My sute is all foz nought
my labour is in vaine,
Ye doth not sæke the tossed waues
to maken smoth againe.
Would Dedall would allowe
me wished wings at will:
Though by such sleight his sonne into
the neighbour waters fill.
What foztune so should chaunce
Leander would abide:
To fine his fethzed cozse might flée
on waues that wont to slide.
But whilste I am debarrde
by wzath of waue and winde
To sozrow Seas: I doe reuoke
my passed ioyes to minde.
When Phœbus gan to fall,
and gaue his sister place:
(I ioy to thinke) my Fathers lodge
I fled with spædie pace.

And

And ſtreight with ſhifted robes
all dread I did remoue:
And in the flood I flong mine armes,
the Delphins Arte to proue.
The Mone did ſhine as light
as any Sunnis day:
As one that would with all hir powre
aſſiſt me in the way.
I caſting vp mine eyes
on hir that clearly ſhinde:
Said. Mercie (Mone) thy Mariner;
call Latmus hill to minde.
Endymion thee denies
to beare a ruthleſſe hart:
Wherefore to theſe my ſecret ſtealthes
thy friendly face conuart.
Thy ſelfe (a Goddeſſe) didſt
a mortall Wight imbrace:
And ſhee, whome I purſue, is euen
a Goddeſſe for hir face.
I leaue hir thewes vntoucht,
wherein ſhe may compare
With heauenly peeres, ſuch feature falles
on earthly creatures rare.
Haue Venus paſſing ſhape,
and thine vnſpotted face
Is none whome ſhee ne doth excell,
thy ſelfe diſcerne the caſe.

How much thy golden Lampe
(when thou thy pride dost show)
Surmountes all other streaming starres
that in their circles glow:
So farre surpasseth shée
eche other mortall wight:
And if thou doubt thereof, good fayth
deluded is thy light.
Such wordes I did pronounce,
or not vnlike to these,
Whilst I by night directed course,
amid the yælding Seas.
The water glistred with
rebound of Phœbes rayes:
And night for clearnesse might compare
euen with the brightest dayes.
No voyce I heard with eare,
but euery thing was husht:
Saue whilst my body brake the waues
the troubled water rusht.
Alcyones alone
did vse a pleasant note:
And did recorde Ceycus loue
with swéete and warbling throte.
At length my handes gaue vp,
mine armes could worke no more:
Then stode I on the waues aloft,
and cast mine eyes to shore.

No ſoner ſaw I light:
my loue is yonder way
(Quoth I) that coaſt doth harbour hir
on whome my life doth ſtay.
Then ſtreight my ſtrength renude,
mine armes had force againe:
Me thought (than earſt) the ſoming Seas
I ſwam with leſſer paine.
The ardent gleames I bare
in cloſe and louing breaſt,
Would not permit that I ſhould be
with watrie colde oppreſt.
The more I came to ſhore,
or did approch the lande:
Me thought I could a greater charge
of ſwimming take in hande.
But when I came in ſight
that thou might'ſt take the bewe:
Thy gladſome lookes my fainting force
with comfort did renewe.
Then ſhewde I all my ſkill,
to fæde thy hungrie eies:
And, for thou might'ſt deceme mine armes,
I heaude them to the ſkies.
Thee from the flowing fourde
thy Nurce could ſcarce reſtraine:
With fired eye I marke it well,
and ſawe it paſſing plaine.

Whome though the Hag withheld,
as was in hir to dœ:
Yet with the ſwelling Tide thou wettſte
the leather of thy ſhœ.
And claſping mée in armes
didſt kiſſe Leander oft:
Such kiſſes as of Gods by Seas
were worthie to be ſought.
And from thy ſhoulders gauſte
mée garments of the beſt:
And dryedſt my heare that was bédewde,
and with the waues oppreſt.
The reaſt, thy guiltie towre,
the night, and we doe knowe:
And Phœbe with hir friendly Lampe
that did my paſſage ſhowe.
The nights ſurpaſſing ioyes
no bett may be diſcryude,
Than Helleſpontus waltring waues,
that Helles life depryude,
How ſhorter was the ſpace
on Venus to beſtow,
We take the greater héede that it
in idle might not go.
Thus weares away the night,
and Lucifer the ſtarre
Declares that Tythons louing ſpouſe
(Aurora) is not farre.

Then

When sorging dolefull plaints
that Nox hath runne hir race
With ouer hastie sote, our friend-
ly kisses walke apace.
But when the crabbed nurse
beginnes to chide and cholwze,
With heauie heart I take my course
to seawarde from the Towze.
At parture both lament,
to Helles goulfe I goe:
And whilst mine eyes will giue me leaue,
to thæ my lookes I throwe.
In faith vnto thy stronde
I like my swimming well:
But backwarde when I bende my course,
it likes me neuer a dell.
And certes, when I come,
the middle sea seemes plaine:
But rough and full of hanging hilles
when I retire againe.
And (little wouldst thou thinke)
I stay against my will
In Abydon: long to I lodge
with thée in Sestus still.
Oh Gods, why should the surge
two lincked harts deuide?
Why they that are of græing mindes,
one hostage are deuide?

Else I with thée in Sest
would make a long sojourne:
Or thou with me to Abydon
shouldst shape a quick retourne.
I force not on the place,
so we yfeare may dwell,
Thou lousle my Abydos, and I
thy Sestus like as well.
Why doe I cease to swim
for raging waters yre?
Or why the roring winde (a slender cause) makes me retyre?
Now crooked Delphins know
the faithfull heart I beare;
All other kinde of scaly fish
will for Leander sweare.
With passing to and fro
I haue a path ymade
In waters, as the Cartes are wont
where chiefely lyes their trade:
Which could not come to passe
with flitting now and than:
That now for windes I can not doe
the like, I curse and ban.
Now drenched Helles flood
is so with tempest tost:
As Hulkes in harbour hardly saue
themselues from being lost.

When

When she poze sielv wench
by waters lost hir life,
I iudge that tho th'infamed waues
were at a semblant strife.
This Goulfe hath hate ynough
and shame foz dzowning one:
Wherefoze it may the better let
Leanders life alone.
I spite at Phrixus fate
that on the golden Ramme,
These fretting seas in spite of waues
and surges safely swamme.
But I will neyther shéepe,
noz ayde of ship require:
If so the waters would be such
as swimmers would desire.
No fozraine helpe I craue,
so waues go not to rough:
My selfe will be the passage Boate
and Bargeman well inough.
I will by neyther Beare
direct my steareless ship.
My loue such publicke péeuish starres
esteémes but as a chip.
Let those that list beholde
Andromede the fayze:
The golden crowne, oz Parrhasis
that shines in Nozthzen ayze:

Leander makes no coumpt
of any of their light:
No not of hir whom Perseus chose
or Bacchus for delight.
Another starre I haue
surmounting all the rest:
That will not see mine earnest loue
with darcksome clowde oppress.
Whereon when I so gaze,
to Colchos Launcher bounde
As Iason did, I trauell could,
or to a further grounde.
I would in flitting farre
Palæmons cunning passe:
Or Glaucus that became a God
by tasting of the grasse.
Mine armes doe often ake
with sundring of the waue:
That scarcely can I swim to shore
my wearie corps to saue.
But when I say (good cheere,
you shall not faile your hire,
And for your paine eftsones you shall
to Heros necke aspire.)
Then wonted valiant force
beginnes to growe againe:
And like a Courser forth I thrust
that would be formost faine

Thus

Thus I my burning flames
reserue in couert brest;
And thée pursue of heauenly straine
as worthie as the best.
Yet though thou well deserue
a heauenly wight to bée:
Demour in earth or make me showe
how I may come to thée.
I sée it thence procédes
that I thée seld enioy:
And thence it comes that with my minde
the wrathfull seas annoy.
What gaines Leander though
the passage be but small:
For him it were as good that these
were wydest Seas of all.
I somewhat doubtfull stande,
what first to wishe or craue:
To be so nigh, or farther off
both loue, and hope to haue.
The nearer I approch,
the more my flame doth glédo:
I lacke the thing I most desire,
though Hope mine humor fédo.
I may welnigh with armes,
(so neare it is) imbrace,
And not enioy: which makes the teares
oft times embrue my face.

I may my lotte compare
with Tantals hungrie loze:
That hath both fode and lyquoz by,
yet famine bytes him foze.
What shall I neuer straine
thee in my folded armes
But when the water list: redzesse
is none foz those my harmes:
And since no suretie may
in winde and waues be found,
Shall all his hoped trust in waues
and winde Leander ground:
If tempestes thus doe rage
whilst Æstas is in place:
How will they roze, when watrie signes
shall shewe their stormie face:
Oz else I doe not knowe
my fonde and witlesse rage:
Oz else euen then I shall my cozps
vnto the goulfe ingage.
And least thou should surmise
my painted promise vaine:
My dæde shall well approue my wozds
within a day oz twaine.
Ere many nights shall passe,
(in spite of Neptunes powze)
I minde to swimme the swelling seas
Leander dzeades no showze.

Foz

For eyther will I liue,
and Heros loue enioy:
Or by my death of carefull loue
abandon all annoy.
And so it sorte I die,
this onely bone I craue,
My carcasse to be cast on lande
with thée his Hierse to haue.
I know thou wilt both touch,
and eke deplore the same:
And say (Leander) I thy death
against my will did frame.
This fell abodement may
perhappes offend thy hart:
And these foresperking lynes of mine
encrease thy silent smart.
Let all such fancies go,
helpe (Hero) to requeste
That waltring waters may be calme,
and belking Seas at reste.
Small time of truce will serue
to bring me to thy shore:
When I am there let Neptune frowne,
and ruthlesse chanell rore.
There may Leander make
a safe and sicker stay:
His shippe no surer harbour can
nor Barck haue better Bay.

Leander

Let Boreas mée include
where I so faine would bæ:
And then Leander loth to swimme
from Sestus thou shalt sæ.
I will not then go scolde
with déefke Seas as to foze:
Ne yet that waters are vniust
in wonted wise deploze.
Let Heros armes withholde,
let windes enfozce my stay:
Let double cause pzeuaile to stop
Leander if they may.
When tempest shall permit,
to Sestus will I hie:
Sée that thy Lampe be burning aye
foz feare I swimme awzie.
The while receyue my lynes
I wzote with quaking pen:
Ere long my selfe will be with thée,
if foztune say Amen.

The Argument of the xix. Epistle, entituled Hero to Leander.

WHen Hero had Leanders lines receyude,
His louing letters read, and throughly scande:
His faithfull hart and constance she perceyude,
Which made hir write againe with willing hande.

Sometime for sluggish him the Wench controlde,
To shewe hir selfe a louing Lasse in deede:
Sometime she biddes him not to be to bolde,
Nor hasten more to Sestus than were neede.

Now cries she out against the mounting waues,
And craues a calme at cruell Neptuns hande:
And by and by with Æolus she raues,
And Boreas blamde, that did hir loue withstande.

Sometime she dreades least she forlorne were,
(As common trade of louers is to do:)
But last of all she willes him to forbere,
And not to come whilst windes did blustler so,
And waters warrde, that perill was to passe
The cursed streame where Helle drenched was.

The.xix.Epistle.

Hero to Leander.

THye health thou sent in wordes,
that I may haue in déede
Doe way (Leander) all excuse
and come thy way with spéede.
All stay torments me sore,
that doth my ioyes expell:
And mercy, since I doe confesse,
I loue thée passing well.
We both doe burne alike
and frie with egall flame:
But I am weakest of the two,
my nature willes the same.
As womens corse is faint,
so are their mindes not strong:
If thou doe not repaire at once
I shall be deade ere long.
You men contriue the time
and lothsome tide away:
In tillage of your soyles
sometime you hunt the day.
Sometime at open barre
you pleade a Clyents case:
To Tennis now, and then with horse
you runne a lustie race.

Some-

Sometime you pitch for foule,
for fish you lay your line:
And when the day is spent and gone,
you fall to quaffing wine.
Now I can none of these
though lesser were my flame:
Thy Hero can doe nothing else
but cleape hir louers name.
And that which sole remaynes
(Leander) that I proue:
And, more than any wight would deeme,
I rage with ardent loue.
Or I with Beldame nurce
doe sit, and chat of thee,
And doe not little muse what should
thy cause of lingring bee:
Or seeing seas to surge
by meane of windie flawes:
In thy behalfe I check the windes
with wide and weakfull iawes.
Or when the calmed seas
haue somewhat quaylde their powre:
I say thou mayst, but wilt not come
to Heros wonted towre.
Amid my griefull plaintes
the saltish teares gush out
By streames: which crooked nurce doth wipe
and dries with Linnen clout.

Oft times

Oft times I sæke in sande
where I thy steps may finde:
As though the foote once gone, the print
would aye remiane behinde.
I aske when any came,
or any mindes to go
To Abydon: to fine I might
thy state by writing know.
What should I speake how oft
I kisse with louing lip
The robes which tho thou leftst behinde
when thou to sea didst skip:
Thus when the day is spent,
and night our friendfull tide
Hath banisht Phœbus from the Pole,
and starres doe shew their pride:
In stately turrets top
a blasing Lampe I set:
Whereby thou wonted are my shore
and perillous stronde to set.
Then I to passe the time
in haste to Distaffe ronne
An Arte which women vse the griefes
of yrkesome stayes to shonne.
O that thou knewste my wordes,
that I pronounce the while:
Leanders name is all my talke,
Leander is my stile.

How

How thinke you (Nurse) is he
by this come out of dowze?
Or doth he stande in dreade of scowtes
that on his passage powze?
Hath he remoude his robes?
(good Beldame tell thy minde)
Or oylde his ventrous careleſſe corps
as swimmers wont by kinde?
With that she giues a nod,
not for she heares my talke:
But drowsie slumber so procures
hir gogling head to walke.
And then I pawse a stounde:
then (now he flitts) I say,
And with his well approued armes
he beates the waues away.
Then spinne I for a space,
and twist a threéde or twaine:
And where thou be in middle Seas
to learne I am full faine.
Sometime I giue the gaze
where I may sée thée swimme:
And then we pray that Neptune will
not shewe his cheare too grimme.
Sometime we heare with eare
a noyse that makes vs thinck,
That thou art then ycome to shore
and safe to Sestus brinck.

Thus when the greatest part
of night is flitted by:
The slumbring slæpe by secret stealth
inuades my wearied eye.
Then (gainst thy will perhaps)
thou dost with me soiourne:
And (though thy selfe wouldst faine dislodge)
yet art thou here atourne.
For now I sæme to sæ
thæe swimming in the flood;
And then to throw thy limber armes
on Heros back a good.
Another while with clothes
and wonted robes I hide
Thy moysted limmes, and lay me downe
fast by thy wished side.
And other toyes to taste
and other feates to frame:
Which though I ioyde to put in vre,
my tongue to tell doth shame.
Oh me vnhappie wench
whose pleasures makes no stay.
And falsed is: for thou with slæpe
art wont to slip away.
O Lorde let vs that loue
at length with firmer lace
Inchaine our selues: let dreames no more
true pleasures so deface.

Why haue I lodgde alone
so many nights arowe
In colde and carefull couch? why dost
thou prone thy selfe so slowe?
As nowe the waters are
to boysteous I confesse
For such as swim: but yesternight
Neptunus rage was lesse.
Why lettste thou slip that tide?
thou shouldst haue fearde the wurst:
And not haue stode in earnest hope
for better than the furst.
What though the weather shape
as well againe to swim?
Yet that, bicause it was the first,
of both I iudge it trim.
For seas haue sodaine chaunge,
the flod is altred sone:
And when thou willing art to come
thy course is soner done.
Ariude to Sestus shore,
no cause thou shouldst at all
Haue of regrete: thée in mine armes
what winter storme might gall?
Then I with gladsome minde
would heare the windes to rage:
And pray that Neptunes surging seas
their swelling might not swage.

But how befell you feare
your wonted passage so,
And dreede the goulfe you scornd ere this:
the cause I long to know.
For yet I well recorde
that when thou camste to Sest,
The Chanell was as rough, or nie
as rough as may be gest.
When I exclamde aloude,
(mine owne) be not to bolde:
Least I be forst to rue thy fate,
if I thy death beholde.
Whence comes this sodaine feare?
where is that courage now?
Where he that scornd the force of flods
and waters wont to flow:
Yet naytheleste be wise,
not retcheleste as thou were:
And swim in safetie if thou mayste,
if not a while forbeare.
So that thy faith be one,
as those thy lynes did showe:
And so that kindled flame of thine
to cynders doe not growe.
I dread not so the windes
that barre my wished toy:
As least thy loue, will like the winde
exchaunge by chaunge of toy.

Of this I stande in awe,
least perill passe the gaine:
And least thou thinke thy bootie farre
inferiour to thy paine.
Sometime I quake for feare
least Abydon deface
My Sest, and least Leander thinck
his Hero farre to base.
But all I can indure,
with well contented will,
So that thou haue no daintie Dame
thy pleasures to fulfill.
So that no strumpets armes
about thy neck depende;
Nor nouell loue procure thy first
and former flame to ende.
Oh rather let me die
than such a crime to know,
Let Heros liuely twist be shrid,
ere thou doe trespasse so.
Not for thou gauste me cause
of future griefe, I speake
In such a wise: no newe report
mouues me my minde to breake,
Saue that I feare the worst,
who loues deuoyde of dreede:
The place doth force the absent wight
oft times on feare to feede.

Oh happie Nymphes whome place
and presence makes to know
Committed crymes, and keepes from feare
of things that are not so.
No lesse the forged fact
than wrong ydone in deede
Doth moue our mindes: from both alyke
lyke dolour doth proceede.
Oh, that thou wouldste repaire
or else thy cause of let
From winds and grutching father mightst,
and from no woman set.
Which if I heard of troth,
for grunting griefe I die:
And great will be thy guilt, if so
thy loue thou seeke to strie.
But more than needes I dreade
thou wilt not so offende:
For churlish tempest is in fault
that will not let thee wende:
O Gods, what mounting flouds
doe driue against the shore?
How doth the darkesome clowde inclose
and keepe the light in store?
Perhaps the virgins Dame
is commen to the flood:
And for hir drenched dearling sheddes
hir saltish teares a good.

Or Ino being wore
a Seanymph but of late,
Turmoyles the Goulfe, that Helle brought
to such vntimely fate.
That cloud doth nothing frend
the Mayden sere I know:
For there did Helle lose hir life,
where Heros hurt doth grow.
But (Neptune) waying well
and calling oft to minde
Thy former flames, me thinkes thou shouldst
not hinder loue by winde.
For Amymon can well,
and Tiro trie at nede,
That thou were truely toucht with loue
as we in stories rede.
Alcyone the fresh,
and Iphimedia faire:
Medusa on whose skull as then
there hong no hissing haire.
Laodice the browne,
Celæno first in skie:
Whose names I sundrie times haue read,
and sene with searching eye.
With these, and diuers else
(of whome the Poets write)
Thou (Neptune) chambred hast full oft,
and past in loues delight.

Why then that hast so oft
the valiant force of loue
Assayde, by tempest to forelet
our wonted course dost proue:
Cruell be calme awhile,
wage warre where Seas be wide:
This is a slender Channell that
two Countries doth deuide.
It better would beseeme
a high and haughtie Roy,
To hoyse the Hulkes, to broyle with Barks,
or Nauies to annoy.
Tis shame for God of Goulfe
a swimming youth to sinck:
Eche little Lake this conquest would,
and spoyle vnfitting thinck.
He is of noble bloud,
not of Vlysses line:
At whome not vndeseruedly
thou (Neptune) dost repine.
Giue leaue, at once saue two:
for though he sole doe swim,
Yet in the selfe same tolling Tide
my hope consistes in him.
Meanewhile the Torch (for by
a Torch I sit and wryte)
Doth happen a blissefull signe that all
shall not succesle a right.

Behold how Beldame poures
the wine into the flame:
And sayes (to morrow we shall be mo)
and drinkes vpon the same.
Oh, come by sliding seas,
increase the tale by one:
Thou whome I fix in faythfull breast,
and let delayes alone.
Home to thy tents retire,
that flæst thy friendly spouse:
Why doe I sole amid my couch
my carefull carcasse rouse?
No cause there resters of dreade,
the bolde is sure of grace
At Venus handes: she that was bred
of flouds will rue thy case.
My selfe oft times to mæte
in middle Goulfe doe dare:
Saue for the flood is friend to men,
not women wont to spare.
For why (when Phrixus with
his louing sister came
By sea) did Helles onely giue
the gastly Goulfe his name:
Perhaps you dreade returne,
least force will faile you feare:
You stand in doubt you may not well
this double trauaile beare.

Wherefore make haſt, and méets
thy friende amidſt the flood:
And there aloft vpon the waues
ſhall kiſſes walke a good.
That done, let eyther to
his ſtronde reuert againe:
Though this were ſmall, tis better ſome,
than nought at all to gaine.
Would eyther baſhfull ſhame
that ſéedes this ſecret fire,
Or fearefull loue would yéelde to fame:
of both I th'one deſire.
For yll they can agrée,
that neuer are at truſe:
Th'one ſwéete, and th'other ſéemely is,
I wote nere which to chuſe.
When Iaſon did ariue
at Cholchos carefull port:
Yée his Medea well imbarckt
did thence with ſpéede tranſport.
No ſoner Priams ſonne
to Lacedemon came:
But ſtreight he made returne to Troie
with famous Grecian dame.
But thou as often leauſte
thy liked loue behinde
And doſt repaire: and comſte when ſhips
may ſcarcely paſſe for winde.

Be naytheleſſe auiſde
(thou *Victor* of the ſeas:)
So ſcorne the flood as thou mayſt feare
leaſt Neptune thee diſeaſe.
Huge, high, and haughtie Hulks,
ykramde by Art doe fayle:
And canſt thou deeme thine armes will more
than ſhauen Ores preuaile?
The Pylates ſtande afright
the ſhelfes thou ſwimſte to coſte:
For Barks ybrwſde, and ſhaken ſhips,
in ſuch a ſort are loſte.
Oh mee vnlucky wench,
I would not thus diſwade,
But be as bolde for all my wordes
as is thy wonted trade;
So ſafely thou ariue,
and lay thoſe armes of thine
Upon my backe, that oft were beate
with ſea of belking brine.
But I wote nere what colde
my quaking breaſt doth nomme,
As oft as to my reſtleſſe minde
a thought of ſeas doth comme.
My laſt nights dreame torments
and makes me ſore afright:
Though I to Morpheus ere I ſlept,
had done my ſacred right.

Hero

In creake of dawning day
when torchlight gan to faile:
(A tide when true vndoubted dreames
the slumbring corse assaile)
Out of my slæpie hands
the twisted twine did fall,
And to my pensiue Pillow I
my head applyde withall.
And with vnfaised fayth,
and certaine sight I sawe
A crooked Delphin flit in flood,
ytost with windie flawe.
Who when by dryft of waues
and turning Tide was tost
To sandie shore: he both at once
his life and waters lost.
What so it be I dreade,
haue not in scorne my dreames:
Ne (yet vnlesse the waters serue)
commit thy corse to streames.
If selfe care all be past,
yet way thy friendly Mate,
Whose welth and welfare doth depende
vpon thy healthfull state.
I hope that yrefull seas
will shortly be at rest:
Then do thou breake the calmed waues
with safe and sicker brest.

Meane

Meanewhile, cause surge turmoilde
thy passage doth restraine:
Let louing lines ysent, abridge
some part of lingring paine.

The Argument of the xx. Epiſtle, entituled Acontius to Cydippe.

TO Delos, *where the rites*
were done to Dians *grace*
Acontius *trauailde, many Nymphes*
and Maydens were in place.
A troupe to Temple came,
but one aboue the reſt
(Cydippe *namde,*) *with louing dart*
did craze Acontius *breſt.*
Who for he ſaw the wight
vnegall in eſtate:
Surmiſde he ſhould not for his lyfe
haue giuen hir the mate.
Yet naytheleſſe at length
he bourded hir with guile:
And in a goodly Apple did
incloſe this craftie ſtile.
By *Dians* ſacred rites
and miſteries I ſweare,
That I will make repaire to thee
and be thy friendly Feare.
In Temple at hir feete
he ſloong the flattering frute
She tooke it vp, and read the rymes
Cydippe *woxe as mute.*

As fish, and Scarlet red
hir lillie Cheekes became:
For hauing made a vowe she knewe
she should obserue the same.
For what so was beheight
before Dianas *face,*
By commen order was decreede
should take effect and place.
Hir father after this
vnwitting of the othe
His daughter made, Cydippe *to*
another did betrothe.
Meanewhile the sillie wench
with Feuers was oppreſt,
And felt a thousand furious fits
ybreeding hir vnreſt.
Acontius *in his lynes*
inducеth hir to think
This Feuer falne by Dians *wrath,*
for cauſe she sought to ſhrinck.
And falſe hir plighted fayth
in preſence and in place
Of all thoſe ſacred Saints, but moſt
of good Dianas *grace.*

The .xx. Epistle.

Acontius to Cydippe.

YWandon dreade, for to thy Louer thou
shalt frame no farther hest ne sweare again:
Thy once ingaged fayth I recke ynough.
Read & suruay my lines: so may this griefe
And languor leaue thy corps, which is my tene
When any limme of thine sustaineth smart.
Why blush you? and why with Vermilion taint
Be flecke your chækes? in Dians temple so
I déeme thy face with scarlet hue infect.
Marrige and plighted troth, no crime I craue:
I loue not as a Letcher, but a spouse.
Reuoke to minde the wordes in Apple graude,
Which to thy guiltlesse handes I did proiect.
There shalt thou finde confirmde by solemne oth,
That I require: vnlesse both fired faith
And wordes at once out of thy breast are fled.
Euen as I drad in déede, the Goddesse frettes.
O Nimph, thou rather than the Goddesse shouldst
Stand mindefull of thy hest and promise made:
And now I feare the like. But oh to more
Hir raging force is growne, and flame increast
By lingring staye. And loue that neuer was
Slender, by yélded hope in processe springs.
Thou gauste me hope, my loue lent faith thereto

That

That Dian witnesde thou canst not withsaye.
She tho was prest, and noted well the wordes
And seemde with moued tresse to giue assent.
Report that by deceite thou were intrapt,
Whilst Cupid did inforce me forge the fraude.
What ment my craft but to be linckt with thée?
That thou complainste, may well me reconcile.
Not guilefull I by vse, or nature am,
Ne thou (my wenche) in fayth hast subtill made.
(If I did ought by Arte) with sleightfull wordes,
The wyly Loue hath fast with me inchaínde:
I knit the knot with wordes that he pronownst,
And craftie I by Cupids councell, wore.
Let guile sustaine the name, let me be saide
Suptille, if things be loude to winne, be craft.
Beholde, I write a fresh, and frame request,
Another fraude whereof thou mayste complaine.
If I, in that I loue, annoy thée so,
Incessantly I will: and though thou bee
Full well aduisde, I will pursue thée aye.
Others by swords haue many Nymphes purloynd
And shall a letter forgde by craftie sleight,
To me as heynous crime obiected bée:
Gods graunt I thée in faster knot may chaine.
As thou mayst neuer finde a way to start,
Nor flie thy fired faith. A thousande tricks
There are, and I in that one trauaile toyle,
Nothing my loue permits vntride to goe.

Though

Though doubtfull be where thou wilt yéeld or no,
(The ende is in the Gods,) but thou shalt yéelde,
And be entrapt, and forst in fine to bow.
Some toyles put case thou scape: yet al the ginnes
Thou canst not passe with crafty Cupid pight:
Woe nettes there are than thou surmisde to bée.
If Art may not auaile, to armes we will,
And I will thée, as rape atchiude enioy.
I am not he that Paris fact controlle,
Nor any that such manlike parts haue playde.
And I. But now no more: though death ensue
This rape, should lesse aggrieue than thée to lose.
Oh, would ÿ were worse featurde than thou art,
With reason then of me thou shouldst be sought:
Thy face doth me to baliance now procure.
Thou, and thine eyes (surpassing flaming starres,
Which were the causers of my glowing gleade)
In me this courage moues, and stoutnesse stirres,
Thy yellow golden locks, thy yuorie necke,
Thy handes, of whome I long to be accold,
Thy feature, and thy blushing countenance
Deuoyde of Rusticks grace: and féete such as
With Thetis may cõpare, this boldnesse brédes,
Woe fortunate were I, if all the reast
I might condignly prayse: but doubt I nought
But that the whole vnto his parts agrées.
By this thy forme enforst, no maruell though
I sought to haue thy parling boyce his pledge.

In

In fine, sith that thou art constrainde to yælde
Thy selfe beguilde, by my deceitfull sleight
(O Virgine) be thou conquerde at the last.
Let me sustaine the hate, and reape the fruite
For hatred so endurde: So heynous cryme
And blame why doth it want his earned hire?
Hesion Aiax, Briseis Achylles tooke,
And eyther of them their *Victor* did ensue.
Wæ spare not to accuse, ne stick to wrath
We, so I may thæ angrie wight enioy.
We that procurde the yze, will please the same
If neuer so little leysure be allowde,
And respite giuen to lessen swelling wrath
Let me besprent with teares to foze thy face
Stand, adding to my teares lamenting sounde:
And as the frequent vse of Vassels is,
When they of lashing scourge doe stande in awe,
(Grouse at thy fæte, stretch out my yælding hãds)
What? knowst ỹ not thy right & Mistres powze?
Cite me. In absence why am I accusde?
As Ladies wonto, giue me in charge t'appære.
Though thou my tresses teare in stately sozt,
And make my face with buffets black and blewe:
Yet all I will endure, fearing but that
My bodie should thy tender fistes annoy.
In Chaine oz Gyue tis nædeleste me to binde
Inlaste in loue, that haue no powze to flæ.
When so thy wzath with wzeak shal be repleate,

And anger be reuendge: thy selfe shalt say
Oh God, how pacientlye the man doth loue:
Thy selfe shalt say (when I haue all endurde)
My seruaunt thou that seruste so well shall bee.
In absence why am I (vnluckie) deemde
Gutltie: and though my cause be passing good
Yet for default of Patrone goes to wracke:
The bill that Cupid wrote, and gaue in charge,
It is my wrong and practisde iniurie,
This onely fact in me thou must reprouc.
Dian with me deserued not the bob.
If so the thing to me thou hast behight
Thou loth to yelde, let Delia beare the same.
For being prest she salwe when thou intrapt
Didst blush, in mindfull eare the words she plast.
Abodements laide apart more fiercer than
Diana, (when she sees hir Godhead wrongde,)
There is not any God, nor halfe to sterne.
The Calydonian Boare can well recorde:
For by his meane, how cruell was the Dame
Unto hir sonne, we haue full often read.
Witnesse Acteon eke, that fedde his Hounds
That earst with them had sundrie quarries made.
The haughtie Mother tw to Marble turnde,
In ruthfull sort that in Migdoni standes:
Aye me (Cydip) I dreade the troth to tell,
Least I be thought for gedding of my cause
False matter to alledge: yet nedes I must

Now

Now plead the same. This is the cause (in sayth)
That thou at Nuptiall day art so diseasde,
Unable from the sickle Couch to rise.
Dian would doe thée good, and paynes hir sore
Least ỹ shouldst be forswore: she gladly would
The sickelesse, and vnbroken Vest reserue.
Thence it procédes (as oft as thou dost séke
To swarue thy sayth) ỹ she thy carkasse plagues.
Leaue off to styre the cruell Virgins bowe;
Yet if thou wilt to ruth she may be brought.
Spare thou thy corse with Feuers to molest,
Reserue thy featurde face for me to vse:
That countnance kéepe, to set my heart on flame
By nature made, where Rose with Lillie striues
So fare my foe, and who so else doth barre
Thée to be mine, as the diseasde I liue.
My griefe is one, or when thou linckest with
An other wight, or fárlie tormenting téene,
I wote not which I reck the worst of both.
Sometime it yrkes me that I brédde thy dole
Déeming thy grypes by my deceite to growe,
Praying the plague of periurie to redounde
On mée, that thou mightst by my scath escape.
And oft to wit, and vnderstand thy plight,
Doubtfull (God wote) I wander to and fro,
Thy Mayde at ynches suing and thy Man.
Demaunding how thy meate, and sléepe auaile.
Wo me, that I the rules of Phisick scorne,

And put them not in vre, ne wring hir wrestes,
Ne on hir couch for comfortes sake, doe lye.
And wo againe, that I absent me thence,
An other perhaps, whome I ne would, is prest.
Ye fæles thy pulses, and doth sit him downe
By thy diseased corse, hatefull to Gods,
And with the Gods of me detested tw.
And whilst w̄ thumbe he fæles ẏ leaping vaynes,
Ye straynes by meane thereof, thy snowish armes,
Handling thy breast, and by escheate perhaps
A kisse doth gaine of those thy sugred lips,
A greater guerdon than his paine deserude.
Who gaue the leaue my harueſt to forereape?
Unto an others hope, who made thy way?
That bosome (friend) is mine, folwly from me
My kisses thou bereaueste: wherefore do way
Thy slippant fist from that my pacted corps.
Unthrift, do way thy hands, the thing thou fælst
Is me behight: hereafter if thou doe
The like, thou shalt a Leachers name procure.
On single Nymphes, and not disposed Maydes
Make choyse: I would thou wist, this is posseſt.
Beléeue not mæ giue to the bargaine, eare,
And cause hir reade the writing, to this ende
Thou dæme hir not vntrue or false to bee.
Go from anothers bridall bed, I say,
What makes thou here? go pack, this knot is tide.
Put case thou haue a partie promise eake?

Yet

Yet is the cauſe and mine vnegall farre.
Shée made me perfite vow: hir Sire the Nymph
To thée behight: but nearer than hir Sire,
Vnto hir ſelfe the ſielie Mayden ſtandes.
Hir father made a promiſe: ſhe by othe
Conioynde hir ſelfe in league of ſtayde loue.
Ye witneſde men: She Dian did proteſt.
Ye dreades the name of Liar to ſuſtaine:
But ſhe the blot of periurde tongue to beare.
Of both deeme thou which is the greater feare,
And laſt of both the perils to compare,
Reſpect the euents of both, and latter lot.
She lies diſeaſde: he liues releaſt of vo.
And we with diſpar mindes for hir contende
Ne hope to both, nor egall is the dread.
Thou forceſt not the ſute: more griefull were
Repulſe to me than death: alreadie I
Imbrace the Mayde, whome thou in futurs time
And after this mayſt haue the hap to loue.
If iuſtice, or regarde of right did lodge
Within thy breaſt, ỹ to my flames wouldſt yeelde
Now ſince this furious wight maintaines a ſtrife
In wrongfull cauſe, (Oh Cydip) to what ende
Doe I to thée theſe fruitleſſe lines indite?
Ye breedes thy dole, and makes thée be ſuſpect
Of Dian: him (if thou be wiſe) renounce.
Barre, and forbid him to approch thy lodge.
Theſe perils by his meane thou doſte endure:

That would he might acquite thy corse from wo,
That forger is of these my pinching paynes
Whome if thou flæ, and linck with him in loue
Whome Dian not condemnes: release of fits
Thy selfe shalt finde, and I shall be reuiude,
Virgin exile thy feare, doubt not recure,
Reuerence the temple where thou madste ẏ vow
The Gods delight not with a slaughtred Ore,
But with a fayth performde without recorde.
Some women health to gaine and purchase ease,
Both scarring Launce, & scalding flame endure:
Other the bitter drench acquites of paine.
These nædlesse are to thæ: flæ periurie:
Thy selfe, thy Yest, and mé reserue at once.
Pardon of passed cryme by ignorance
Shall be procurde: quite from thy mind was fled
And plighted promesse quite thy thought exilde.
Thæ both my wordes, and these thy present haps
Haue warned, which thy carefull corse assault
As oft as thou from pawned faith dost wrie:
When these are ouerblowne in trauayle thou
Wilt craue of hir, of baron to be well
And sone releast, and haue thy throwes abridgde.
Which she will heare, and rolling in hir minde
Will aske, who was the siely infants Sire?
Thou wilt auow. She knowes thy Yest vntrue,
Thou wilt protest, and binde with sacred othe:
But she wottes well thou canst the Gods beguile,

It nothing toucheth mée: yet greater hoe
I haue and carefull is my hart of thy
Indaungred life, that now in perill stands.
Why lately did thy doubtfull Parents mourne,
For thy distresse, whom thou thy crime cõcealdste:
And why are they vnwitting of thy guilt:
Cydip, thy déedes deserue no shame at all.
Display in order thine acquaintance first
With me, as to Dian thou didst thy rytes:
And how, when first (if well thou didst attende)
I saiwe thy face, I stayd, and gaue the gaze,
Viewing with staring eyes thy comely corse,
And whilst I muzde thereat (a sicker signe
Of frensie) from my back my vesture slid.
And after, how by hap (thou wottste not howe)
A rolling Apple trilde, with lines ingraude
Thereon, which were by subtile sleight deuisde:
Which being read by thée, in presence of
The sacred Goddesse, bound thy faith in bande,
Which, cause Diana heard must not be slipt.
And to the fine she made the wryting know,
As earst thou didst, so reade the same againe.
Wedde (will she say) with my good will, to him
With whom ỹ blissefull Gods haue thée cõioynd,
Let be my sonne, whom thou to spouse hast tane,
Who so it be, shall like me, for he earst
Hath stode in Dians grace. Thy Mother thus
Will say, if so that she thy Mother bée.

Acontius

If who, and what I am, she make demaunde,
Let hir beholde, and she shall well perceyue
That well for thée Diana hath puruayde,
The famous Ile (where the Coritian Nymphes
Did lodge of yore, inuironde with the Sea
Ægæum,) Cæa cleaped is the soyle
Where I was bred: and (if thou doe account
Of gentils bloud) my Grandsires were of fame.
And we are wealthie eke, our maners are
Not fraught w̄ shameful crimes, suppose ther wer
Nought else: yet loue hath shackled vs yfeare.
Vnsworne thou mightst selected such a spouse,
And neuer forst with such a husbande wed.
This is my dreame, Phœbe the Archeresse,
And Loue awakt, did will me write to thee:
Of whom th'ones darts haue thirled erst my hart,
Beware least th'others shafts doe thee annoy.
Our healthes are ioynde in one: Rue on thy selfe
And me: why dost thou stagger both to ease?
Which if befall, when blasted Trumpe shall soūd,
And Delos be with yélded bloud imbrude:
The golden Image of the blissefull fruite
Shall stande aloft, with cause in myter graude.
Acontius, *by the Apples forme recordes*
Th'insculped lines to haue bene brought to passe.
But least thy weakened limmes, and fœble corps,
My ouer long Epistle should molest:
To fine I may in wonted maner ende,
Aconce thy friend, biddes the (Cydip) adue.

The Argument of the xxj. Epistle, entituled Cydippe to Acontius.

WHen Cydip saw hir furious fits increase,
And fretting Feuer grow to worse disease,
Then thought she verily that no release
Was to be had, vnlesse she moug'ht appease
Dianas wrath: wherefore she thought it best
To stand vnto hir former plighted best.

Then tooke she pen in hand, then gan she write
These following lynnes to Aconce, making showe
That she would yeelde, and banish rigour quite,
And pay the det to him that she did owe:
Craving his helpe in peasing Goddesse yre,
That she to health the sooner might aspyre.

The.xxj. Epiſtle.

Cydippe to Acontius.

AFright in ſilence I thy lines ſuruayde,
Leaſt ỹ vnwares my tong to witnes ſhould
Haue callde the Gods, and foꝛ recoꝛds appealde.
I dæme thou wouldſt haue bourded me againe.
With craft, hadſt ỹ not thought in iudging mind
One Yeſt (as thou confeſt) to haue ſuffiſde.
Ne had I bewde thy lines and Letters ſent,
But that I thought the yꝛefull Goddeſſe wꝛath
By dureſſe woulde to further rage increaſt.
Foꝛ all that I can doe, though incenſe I
To Dian offer, yet ſhe frændes thæ moꝛe
Than reaſon willes ſhe ſhould: ℭ as thou craueſt
Credit to winne: ſo ſhe with mindefull wꝛath
Upon my coꝛſe foꝛ thæ awꝛoken is.
So ſtiffely ſcarce by Hippolyte ſhe ſtode.
But ſhe (a Virgin) rather would haue ſholwne
Fauoꝛ vnto a ſiely maydens yeares:
Which to abꝛidge leaſt ſhe doe long I feare.
Foꝛ why the cauſe of this my languoꝛ lurcks
And bidden lyes by Phiſick not recurde,
So meager am I woꝛe, ſo leane and bare,
As ſcarce I had ſufficeing foꝛce to wꝛite,
With leaning on mine Elbowe able ſcarce
My pined limmes and carkaſſe pale to raiſe.

Now

Nowe dreade I leaſt beſide my Beldame nurce
Some one diſcrie our entercommoning.
Tofore the gate ſhe ſittes, to aſkers how
I fare (that I may write) ſhe ſayes I ſléepe.
But when within a ſpace ſuſpected is
Exceſſiue ſléepe, and ſlumber ouerlong,
And ſuch ſhe ſées repaire whome to debarre
Were dureſſe: then ſhe ſpits and giues a hem,
A feyned ſigne that ſome is at the dore.
I leaue my lynes vnperfite then for haſt.
And to my boſome thruſt the ſcroll eftſone.
Forthwith in ſpéede I plie the ſame againe,
And ſet my hande and pen to former taſke.
Which thing how yrkeſome toyle it was to me,
Thy ſelfe mayſt well deſcerne, and be the iudge.
Which thou (in fayth) haſt paſſing yll deſerude.
But thy merites and iuſt deſerued hire
My ruthfull clemencie ſhall farre ſurmount.
By thée, vncertaine of diſpaired health,
So oft by thy deceit I haue, and yet
Endure tormenting fits and troublous tene.
This is the gwd my vaunted beautie gaynes
So oft extolde by thée aboue the ſtarres.
It me annoyes thée to haue likte ſo well.
If in thy ſight I had deformed béene,
(Which rather I could wiſhe) my blamed corps
In néede of Phiſicks helpe had neuer ſtwde.
Now being prayſde I mourne by your diſcord

Betrayde:

Betrayde: my proper good doth forge my woes.
Whilst thou dost scorne to yælde, and he repines
To lose his rome or be in second place,
Thou barrst his wish, and he doth hinder thine.
I like a ship am tost, whome Boreas blast
Into the chanell driues, but surge and tyde
Repelles to shore, from dæper forde againe.
And of my parents when the wished day
Arriues, excessiue heate my limmes besiedge
And at the cruell mariage day, my dores
In yrefull rage Proserpina doth shake.
I blush & dread (though guiltlesse in my minde)
Least I by ought haue stirrde the Gods to wrath.
Some plead it commes by hap, and some surmise
This man to be dislikte of heauenly powres,
And fame of thée hath also hir report:
Some déeme it done by my inchauntments eke:
The cause is hid: my hurts to plaine appéere.
Ye wage a restlesse warre and endlesse strife:
But I meane while am she that bide the smart.
I now will say as I was wont of yore,
By louing if thou thus annoy thy loue,
Howe wouldst thou hurt by hate the hated thing:
If whome thou loue thou hurt, go loue thy foe,
Wish me full yll to fare, and saue my life.
Or now of hoped spouse thou hast no carke,
Whom vndeserude, thou ruthlesse letst to pine:
Or if in vaine thou to the Goddesse sue,

To

To me why doſt thou ſo auaunt thy ſelfe
That ſtandeſt nought in Dians grace at all?
Say what thou wilt, thou ſhalt not ſwage hir yre,
I cleane am out of thought: thou canſt not, thou
Appeaſe the Goddes thou art quite forgot.
Or would I neuer had, or not as then
Delos (that is inuironde with the ſea
Ægæum) knowne: a hapleſſe Ile to mée.
Tho was my ſhip to ſurging Chanell brought
Vnluckily, ſiniſter was the houre
Wherein I ſhope to take the curſed ſeas.
How ſet I forth my foote? from Threſhold with
What foote went I? or to my painted Barck
With what vnluckie foote did I repaire?
Yet twiſe with froward winds my ſhip recoylde,
And made retoure to ſhore: but oh I lie,
That winde was bliſſefull and no froward gale:
A bleſſed blaſt that brought me back to baye,
And went about to barre my hapleſſe courſe.
And would it had contended with my sayles,
And ſtode in longer ſtrife and greater warre.
But folly is the fickle windes to blame.
Moude with the place his fame, and freſh reporte,
To Delos I my haſtie voyage ſhope:
And in a nimble Barck did paſſe the flod.
How oft did I controll the ſlugguiſh Mares,
Complaining that the ſayle clothes did not ſtrout
But flagging flue, not ſtuft with gladſome gale?

Nowe Mycone, Tenos, and Andros I
Had past, and Delos was discouerde plaine.
Which when I scride a farre. Ile why (quoth I)
Dost thou me flee? Where yet (as earst thou didst)
Dostte thou in largie seas and Thanell rode
Aye fleeting to and fro? I came to lande
When day was put to flight, and Phœbus gan
His wearie steedes from purple wheeles discharge
Whome when he had to wonted rising brought,
Againe at morne (my mother giuing charge)
My comely tresses were in order laide,
And frisled locks in brauest maner trimde.
Hir selfe bespangde my handes w̄ curious Gems,
And purlde my heare with golde: hir selfe applide
Unto my shoulders vesture passing fine.
Then issuing out to Rulers of the Ile
And sacred Gods incense with wine we gaue.
And whilst my mother with hir vowed blood
The Altar staines, and bowels broyles on coales
In ranges casting fume to loftie skies:
The busie carefull nurce led me about
From place to place, frō Church to sacred Fane:
In Porches now I passe, now musing at
The giftes of kings, and sundrie sightes I sawe.
Then gasing on the Aultars made with hornes
And tree, gainst which the wandring Goddesse at
Hir time of bearing childe did rest hir corse:
And what beside (for I ne all to minde

Can

Can call, or lawfull is I say, to tell)
Was to be seene in daintie Delos tho.
Whilst I (Aconce) of these so straunchie sights
Was taking delwe thou me perhaps discridste:
Who for so simple was and voide of fraude,
Did sitting seemeto be entrap of thee.
By steppes I came into a stately Church
Where Dian was: might any place more safe
Or sicker bee than where the Goddesse stode?
Tofore my feete the trilling Apple came
Gliding on paued ground whereas I sate,
Hauing this Verse ingraude. (Aye me well nigh
I had to thée another Hest ymade)
Which Weldame Nurce toke vp, & said (beholde)
Where I thy craft (O noble Poet) read.
The name of marige read, blushing I felt
My chaunged cheekes to glow with sodayne flash.
In bosome fired fast mine eyes I helde,
Mine eyes that workers were of thine intent.
Unthrift, why doste thou ioy? what glorie hast
Thou gainde? what praise shalt ÿ (a mã) atchieue
By craft one sielie Virgine to deuoure?
Not I in armour cladde with Pollare stode
As ventrous Penthesilea did at Troie:
No Belt with Amazonian golde beset
Thou me hast reft, as Quéene Hippolyte was.
Why leapst thou so for ioy? in that thy wordes
Haue folwly me beguilde, and I by dole

And

And subtill sleight, a sielie Nymph was tane:
Cydip an Apple toke, Atlanta did
The lyke: another Hippomenes now thou art.
Moze better were it if thou hadst bæne thzall
Unto the Boy, who hath by thy repozt
(I wote not well) what flaming fierie bzands.
After the guise of honest wightes (by fraude
Not to fozdoe thy hope) I rather was
To bæne intreated, than by craft intrapt,
Why thou ne me displaydst in time of sute
Such things as I in thée should haue belikte:
Why rather to infozce then to perswade
Yée didst thou chose, if thy condition redde
By me had powzs to make the bargaine sure:
What now to thée auayles the fozmer othe,
And Goddesse pzest foz true recozde appealde
With tongue: it is the minde that makes the hest
(Wherewith I neuer sware) it onely addes
Faith to the wozdes, and makes the stable othe.
It is pzetenced minde and purpose set
That bindes the bargaine sure: no band auailes,
Noz is of fozce without consenting thought.
If so it were my will to ioyne with thæ,
Then spare thou not to claime thy marrige right.
But if I spake the wozde and ment it not,
The fozcelesse wozdes & nothing else thou gainst,
I sware not, but pzonounst the wozdes of othe.
I must not so select thæ foz my spouse.

Guile

Guile others so, certes if that be good
And take effect, the rich mans welth bereaue,
Procure that Princes sweare that thou shalt haue
Their Scepters, & their soueraigne seates possesse,
And let be thine what so the world enioyth.
In faith thou dosse surpasse Diana farre,
If that thy letters haue in them inrolde
Such present Godhead, and auayling powre.
Yet when I haue thus sayd, and flatte affirmde
We not to be thy spouse, and pleaded haue
My promise in best forme that euer I may;
I graunt, I dread Dianas yrefull wrath,
Deeming frō thence my grieful pangues to come,
That plague my wretched corse & limmes tormēt.
For why, as oft as spousals are addrest,
Languish my limmes ransackt wō deadly tæne:
Thrise Hymens clamour cōming to mine eares
Fled from my chamber dore, and did astart.
Scarce could he make th'infused flame to flash,
Scarce would the stirred brands & faggots burne.
Oft sithes his head furnisht with garlands gay,
Annointed dropt, and oft his Scarlet Robe
And costly vesture was in hand to d'on.
When he approcht the dore, and wayling sawe,
With flowing teares and feare of griesly death,
And other such abhorring his attire:
Straight from his forehead he the garlands flong,
And from his perfumde locks the Dile did wring.

Shaming with mirth amiddes so sadde a route
To rushe, his garments hue his face distainde.
But miser I with Feuers am attachte,
And frie with burning fittes: my vestures are
Moze weightie than they shoulden weightie be.
Upon my chéekes I sée my parents showze
Their dzearie teares and saltish bzine foz woe,
And sted of marrige wand, deaths bzond appéares.
Thou Goddesse that in quinerst dosste reioyce,
And bended bowe, fauour a sicklie Nymph,
And lende me now thy skilfull bzothers helpe,
To rid my cozse of this my bering smart.
Tis shame foz thée that he abandons grieke,
And thou dosste séeke the title of my death.
Where I vnwares appzoched haue the place,
Whilst ỹ didst bathe thy chastfull limmes in fowd:
Haue I, of all the Gods thy Altars left
And ouerpast withouten sacrifice:
Dz did my Dame the Ladie Mother scozne:
I not aguilt, saue that I periure radde.
And skilfull was in an vnluckie verse.
Doe thou (vnlesse thy loue be fayned) cast
Incense foz me into the flaming fire.
The handes that hurt, let them my helpe pzocure.
Why she that frettes that I behight to thœ
Am not thy spouse, makes that I can not be:
Hope well thou mayst whilst yet I liue & bzeath:
But (cruell) why bereues she me my life,

And

And thée dispoyles of thy well hoped bowne:
Surmise not him whose wife I am assignde
And lotted spouse, my pained limmes to touch
And fæle with griping hande. Certes he sittes
Him downe by mée, as lawfull is to doe,
Winding my couch to be a Maydens lodge.
And I wote néere what he doth iudge of mée.
For oft the (cause vnknowne) he baines his breast
With showres of trickling teares: Not ouerbolde
He coyes me, and doth seldome kisse among,
Whispering with fearefull voyce, that I am his.
Ne maruaile I if he deserie my minde,
That doe my selfe so openly bewray.
When he repayres, I wyle me round about,
And vse no wordes, but winking faine to shape,
Shunning his fist that would me gladly touch.
He mournes & drawes his sighes frõ silent breast,
And not aguilting hath my high disdaine.
Woe iustly thou that laughste at my distresse,
And pleasure takste therein (if I could speake
And vse my tongue) shouldst my yll will acquire,
And haue my hate, that such a Panther pight,
By letter leaue and licence thou doste craue
To sée my wretched plight, and fæbled corse:
Farre off thou makste abode, and yet annoyst.
I not a little maruailde that thy name
Acontius was: in dæde thou hast an edge
So sharpe as farre can lende a lurching wounde.

I scarce am yet recured of the hurt,
Ye like a Darte, thy lines haue scarde alwse.
Why wouldst thou hither come? a wretched corse
(Thy double spoyle committed) mayst thou sée.
My flesshe is falne away, my colour fled
And bloudlesse is my face, a semblant hue
(As I remember) had the subtill frutte.
In visage wan, no scarlet redde appeares.
Of Marble picture hewen but of late
Such is the forme: Such is the siluers hue
At bankets that with chilile water toucht
In Basen cast, is pale for deadly colde.
If now thou sawste me, thou wouldst quite denie
Ye earst with eye of thine to haue bene sæne.
And say: by Arte and subtile sleight, in soth
She not deserude to bene atchiude of me:
Sending me backe (for feare I should by othe
In marrige shocke with thée) my plighted hest:
Desirous that Diana would forget
And cleane put frō hir thought the bargain made,
Procuring eke perhaps contrarie othe
And quite repugnant to my former bowe,
Sending a nouell verse for me to bew.
Yet naytheleste (as thou hast longed earst)
I would thou sawste thy Wiser spouses plight,
And limmes with languor passingly oppresst.
(Aconce) more harder than the stubborne stéele
Though be thy ruthleste breast, yet pardon thou

In

In my behalfe wouldſt purchaſe me I knowe.
To ſhewe the meane how I may be recurde
And come by health againe. At Delphos is
A God foreſpeaking things that are to come,
Diſplaying future fates, his counſell ſæke.
Ye eke (as whiſpring fame doth flie) complaines
Of one (I wote nere whome) that broken hath
And ſcorne a promiſe made before recorde.
This both the God, the Prophet and my verſe
Declare, thy bowe doth want no verſe his ayde
Such fauour how ſhouldſt thou procure: vnleſſe
Some letter late deuiſde by thée, the haulte
And ſtately Gods had tane: Since ỹ doſt ſtande
In grace and fauour of the Gods ſo great,
I will enſue the name of heauenly powres,
And willing yéelde my handes vnto thy heſt.
Unto my dame by my vnwitting tongue
Of plighted promeſſe I haue made a ſhowe:
She down to ground hir bluſhing countnãce caſt,
Loke what remaynes be thine the care & charge,
More than a Virgin ſhould (in that my hande
Dread not to write theſe lines to thée) I did
Now long ynough my ſickly corſe with quill
Moleſted is, my pained hande denies
A farther dutie: What remaynes there now,
(Saue that I long to lincke my ſelfe with thée)
For theſe my lines, but thée to bid adue?

The Argument of the *replie to the first Epi-* ſtle, entituled *Vlyſſes to Penelope.*

VLyſſes hauing throughly ſcand
The earneſt verſe his wife did write:
Thought good and needefull out of hand
Hir louing letters to requite:
What ſo ſhe did obiect to him,
The Greeke reaunſwerde very trim.

He quittes himſelfe of all ſuch blame
As by his wife imputed was:
He telles his worthie feates of fame,
And perils that he chaunſt to paſſe,
And how the Prophet willde the Squire
In beggers habit to retire,
And that his wife alone ſhoulde knowe
Hir husband that diſguiſde him ſo.

Vlysses Replie to Penelopes Epistle. 148

SVnto Vlysses miser wight
good hap at length hath brought
The louing lines (Penelope)
thy hand in tables wrought.
I knew thy friendly fist at first
and tokens passing well:
They were a comfort to my woes,
and did my sorrowes quell.
Thou blamest me of retchlesse sloth,
more better were perhaps
To linger, than to wie my woes,
and tell the afterclaps.
Greece blamde me not for that ywis,
when I a furie fainde,
And made as though I had bene madde
with thée to haue remainde,
The earnest loue to thée (sweete hart)
and to thy bed I bare,
Procurde me tho so like a mad
and Bedlam wight to fare.
Thou wouldst not haue me wite a whit,
but hasten home a pace:
Loe, when I thinke to come, my sayles
the froward windes doe chase

Vlysses replie

I loyter not in Troie, a towne
of Grækish Girles deside:
For Troie is nowe to cinders come,
suppressed is hir pride.
Deiphobus is slaine, with sterne
Hector, and Asius eke:
And who so else did brede thy feare
is conquerde by a Græke.
I scapte the Thracian furious fights,
and hauing Rhesus slaine,
Upon the captiue chiuals came
into my Tents againe.
And safe from Pallas sacred Church
I stole, and did conuaye
The fatall relique of the Towne
Palladium awaye
Nor in the horse his hollow woombe
and bellie I adrad:
Although Cassandra (Troians) cryde
burne, burne, as she were mad.
Burne, in this fained timber frame
the wilie Grækes doe lurck:
That seeke this day poore Troians fall
and latter bane to worke.
Achylles honour of his graue
and Tombe was like to lack:
Had I to Thetis not conuaide
Achylles on my back.

Ne did the Grèekes (I thank them) grutch
with prayse my paines to pay:
I had the Armour of the corps
that I had tane away.
But what anayles it: now tis drownde,
I haue nor ship yleft,
Nor Mates aliue: the swallowing Goulfe
hath euery whit bereft.
Thy onely loue that part hath tane
with me of all my paine,
As onely fellow of my fates
doth aye with me remaine.
Not rauening Scyllas wawghing whelpes
coulde force him to depart,
Ne yet Charybdis churlish Cha-
nell, plucke him from my hart.
Not fierce Antiphates, nor yet
Parthenope the trull,
With swèete deceitfull Syrens songes
from me this loue coulde pull.
Not Circe nor Calypso though
by Magick Arte they wrought:
And th'one to bring me to hir bent
by meane of marrige thought.
I had them both by promise bounde
that they would take away
My mortall twist, and teache me to
King Plutos Court the way

But

Vlysses replie

But I not forcing of their giftes
did loue my wedlock best:
Although perhaps in seeking thée
I shall be sore distrest.
But thou perchaunce such daintie dames
surueying in my write:
Impatiently wilt reade the reast,
and be in cholar quite.
When I with Circe had to doe
or faire Calypso, thée
Will aye procure a (fearefull wench)
in doubtfull dumps to bée.
In faith when I Antinous name,
and Polybus did reade,
With Medon: I amazed was,
and ouercome with dreade.
Amid so many lustie laddes
and Tossepots to be chaste:
Alas, what should I thinke herein:
I am full sore agaste.
Why, if thou shed thy teares so fast,
should any léeke thy face:
What: haue not yet those trickling teares
beate beautie out of place:
Beside, thou hast behight to wedde
when twist is all ysponne:
And all in feare thou doste vntwist
as fast as thou begonne.

A good deceite. But take good heede
least whilst with such a wile
Thou doe thy suters eyes deceiue,
thy selfe thou not beguile,
Ah (Polyphem) I rather wish
within thy den to haue
Béene murthred, and my wofull dayes
yfinisht with the graue:
Yet rather had I conquerde, and
of Thracian sword bene slaine,
What time the wandring Barges did
in Ismaron remaine:
Or that I had the greedie sawes
replenisht with my blood,
Of hungrie Helhounde, when I went
downe to the Stygian flood.
Where I (thou wotste not of it) sawe
my mother, well at ease
That was when I departed from
thy coast, and toke the seas
She tolde me of the house his euils:
and thrise she fled me fro,
As I with reaching armes did catch
more newes of hir to know.
Sir Protesilaus I descride,
that forcing not a pin
The Prophets wordes to fling the flame
to Troie did begin.

Vlysses replie

A happie and a blessed man,
for with him went his wife
With laughing browes: that for his sake
forsoke hir lothsome life
For Lachesis the Goddesse had
hir twist not throughly sponne:
It did hir good vnto hir spouse
before hir time to ronne:
I sawe (but oh with flowing teares
that gusht on eyther cheeke)
Duke Agamemnon lately slaine,
a thrise renoumed Greeke.
He neuer tooke that hurt at Troie,
vntoucht he went his way
Through spitefull Nauplius secret snares
that in Euboea lay.
But what did that auaile the wight?
for when he surely thought
Returnd to pay his due to Ioue
this beastly death he cought.
This was the guerdon Helen had
prouided for the man,
In steade of better present when
she with the straunger ran.
Ah, how could I reioyce to see
sir Hectors sister, and
His wife among thy other thralles
and Teucrian trulls to stand?

I could

I could the aged Hecuba had
and vsed hir in bed,
That thy mistrustfull minde I mought
beguilde, and ielous hed
That would haue thought thy husband had
of no such pére bene sped.
She gaue the first abodement fell
that on my ships should light:
Whome there I saw not with hir parts
and wonted members dight.
Hir bitter plaintes and wofull cries
a howling did pursew:
She was become a verie Curre
in euery part to vew.
Dame Thetis musing at the sight,
turmoyde the quiet flod:
And Æole gaue his blustring windes
in charge to blowe a god.
From that time Wiser I was driuen
to wander in the seas,
And follow euerie flod and flaw,
to cruell things to please.
But if Tyresias be as true
in telling of god haps,
As earst he was in making show
of euill forepassed claps:
Now misaduentures are ypast
by lande and sowsing waue,

I hope

Vlysses replie

I hope I shall retire to Greece
some better luck to haue.
Now Pallas vndertaken hath
as following Fate to mée,
To safeconduct me to the lodge
where I do long to bée.
I neuer saw hir from the time
of Troies latter wrack,
Till now the wronged Goddesse hath
from anger bene alack.
What so Oenides did, it lightes
vpon vs all alæke:
Vpon the Grækes from man to boye
reuengement she did séeke.
Not thée (good Diomed) she sparde
whose armour knowen was:
She hath enforst thée Miser eke
through many broyles to passe.
Nor him that Telamon begat
vpon a captiue Lasse:
Nor him that with a thousand ships
to wreake his wrong did passe.
Plisthenides, thou were yblest,
what fortune so befell:
For aye thy wedlock went with thée,
whome thou didst loue so well.
And whether windes did brœde thy stay,
or surging seas annoide:

Thou

Thou didst by meane of mutuall loue
incrochyng cares auoide,
Nor blustring blasts, nor troublous tide
from killing thee dismayde:
With clinchyng armes thou hir imbrasse,
and neuer wert afrayde.
Oh that I might not wander so,
(swete wench) thou wouldst procure
The surge seeme calme, with thee I should
no deadly smart endure.
No soner I had tidings that
Telemach was aliue
But that the newes forepassed griefes
from gladsome minde did driue.
Whose going againe by tossing flouds
in weake and rotten Barck
To Pylos and to Sparta, did
reduce my former carck.
That loue deserues no thanke in deede
wherein such perill is:
And when you let him go to Sea
you did not well ywis.
But all the broyle will be at last,
the Prophet sayde I shoulde
At length imbrace thy friendly corse
as I had done of olde.
Whome thou alone shalt know, but then
take heede, and well beware,

That

Vlysses replie

That other by your gesture learne
not why so glad you are.
I must not deale with force of hande
or as an open foe,
The Prophet sayde that to foretell
Apollo bidde him so.
I shall perhaps deuise the time,
to be awroken fit,
With bowe in hande to rushe me in
when they at tables sit.
And then perchaunce they maruell will
mee hatefull man to sée:
Oh Gods, when will that day come on
and pleasant houre bée,
Wherein I may renue againe
the swéete delights ypast:
And thou begin to repossesse
thy louing spouse at last:

The Argument of the *replie to the ſeconde* Epiſtle, entituled *Demophoon to Phyllis.*

HErein is treaſon and delay
Demophoon *minded to deface,*
That had ybene ſo long away
from friendly Phyllis *noble grace:*
Sometime vpon his Countrie men
the lingring Louer layes the blame:
On perillous paſsage now and then,
and lacke of winde he caſt the ſame.
But laſt in ſpite of waue and winde
he made hir promeſse to reuart:
And ſo he did, in hope to finde
the Queene as when he did depart.
But oh, impacient of hir panges,
that ſhe had for hir gueſt ſuſtainde,
In Almon tree good Phyllis *hanges,*
and this was all the Hoſteſſe gainde.

Demophoons Replie tō *Phyllis Epiſtle.*

EVen from his Countrie ſoyle
Demophoon wrytes to thée:
His Countrie (Phyllis) that he mindes
thy gratefull gift to bee.
Demophoon is not linckt
with any nouell Laſſe:
But not ſo happie as with thée
acquainted well he was.
Duke Theſeus, of whome
thou euer ſtoodſte in awe,
(Which made perhaps thy flame the more,
to be thy Fatherlawe:
(A ſhamefull thing for mée
to ſuffer ſuch a dœde)
By cruell foe was reft his raine;
this was olde ages mœde.
Euen he that whileome had
Amazons courage quailde,
A mate for Hercules that ſo
in armour had preuailde.
Euen he that Mynos made
a father of a ſoe,
Amazde to ſée his monſtrous Beaſt
by valiaunce conquerde ſo.

I am accuſde to bëene
the cauſe of his exile,
My brother layes it to my charge,
I muſt not pleade the while.
Whileſt thou (quod hæ) didſt fonde
on Phyllis, and didſt craue
By earneſt ſute vnto thy wife
a forein wench to haue:
The ſlipper time did paſſe
with haſtie foote away,
Thy loytering was the cauſe that thou
doeſt ſæ this dolefull day.
Thou moughteſt perhaps at firſt
this wicked ſtirre haue ſtaydë:
At leaſt, though matters had bene paſt,
thou moughtſt haue bene an ayde.
But Rhodopeian Reigne
I better did eſtëeme:
And of a Nimph whome better than
hir Scepter I did dëeme.
Then Athamas gins to chafe,
and thundring words beſtowes:
And Æthra harpes vpon the ſame,
a crooked pëece God knowes.
She ſayth my lingring was
th'occaſion that hir ſonne
Coulde not ſhut vp his mothers eyes
as duetie was to donne.

Demophoons replie

I can not it denie
they both exclaimde a good,
And cryde on mee when that my ship
rode on the Thracian flood.
Demophoon (quoth they)
why staiste thou lingring so?
The winde doth serue: home to thy Gods,
and native Countrie go.
Let Phyllis myrror be
whome thou dost loue so well:
She fancies thee, but loth she is
for thee hir Realme to sell.
She craues thee to retire,
thy iourney Mate to bee
She scorns: more than thy Raigne she waies
hir barbarous soyle we see.
But I in silence would
amid their brawles (I minde)
A thousand thankes bestowe at once
vpon the blustring winde.
And when I should depart,
imbracing Phyllis harde.
I ioyde with all my heart to see
how dashing waters warrde.
Ne would I feare the same
before my Sire to vaunt:
For by thy merits I attainde
my libertie I graunt.

Thou

Thou must of force confesse
that with no steely heart
I went my way, nor in post haste
thy Countrie did depart.
I sobde, and weeping, thee
to solace made a stay,
When to forgo thy friendly shore
was come the fixed day.
I clambe the Thracian Barke,
and tooke my shippe in deede:
When Phyllis bid it should not o-
uer hastily proceede.
Forgiue since I confesse,
your selfe remember well
King Mynos daughter in your brest,
that auncient loue doth dwell.
As often as my Sire
to Skieward lookes: he sayes,
She whilome was my louing wench
that hath those glistring rayes.
God Bacchus bidde him leaue
and yeelde him vp the Mayde:
But he (goodman) sustaines the blame,
they say he hir betrayde.
By his example I
a periurde man am thought:
Ne doste thou (cruell Phyllis) aske
the cause mine absence wrought.

Demophoons replie

Ne thinkſt thou it ynough,
or able to requight
My yformer fault, that I am not
in loue with any wight.
Why (Phyllis) haſt thou not
heard of the cruell fate
Of Theſeus Pallace: of his houſe:
and lamentable ſtate:
Haſt thou not tydings that
my fathers death I wayle:
A farther griefe than fathers fall
Demophoon doth aſſayle
Not of Hippolyts happe:
he miſerable man
Fell headlong from the fearefull ſtéepes
that downe the Mountaine ran.
I ſéeke not to excuſe
my lingring though there bée
A thouſand cares that heape my woe,
I aſke a ſpace of thée.
Let mée or ere I come
lay Theſeus in his graue,
And ſée that hée who was my Syre.
his burtall rites may haue.
Giue ſpace and leaue I praye,
not like a Traytour I
Abſent me: than thy ſoyle I knowe
not ſafer where to lie.

Since

Since Troie went to wrack,
and battayles broyle did stay,
What ease so ere I felt at Sea
or otherwhere: I say
I had it all in Thrace,
(yet there I found some griefe)
That onely soyle vnto my woes
was succor and relieſe.
And is, if thou be one,
and be not moude a whight,
That now I haue so stately house
so Castellike in sight:
Nor that my Fathers happes
or Mothers shamefull fate,
Or these my yll succesles cause
thy fancie to rebate.
What if I went to Troie
in marrige linckt with thee?
And thou thy husband waging warre
full ten yeares space shouldst see?
Thou hearſte Vlysses wise
what honour she hath got:
A myrrour she became, for that
she liude withouten blot.
Who (by report) deuisde
a charitable wile
In spinning: wherewithall hir in-
fant Suters to beguile.

Demophoons replie

For whatsoeuer she
by day in sight had wrought:
At night the selfe same twisted twine
from thred to woll she brought.
But Phyllis you doe feare
your suters will be gone
That profferde wedlock earst in Thrace:
canste thou with any one,
Or hast thou heart to matche
thy selfe in bridely band?
What? will not feare of broken Yest
thy shamefull act withstand?
O Lord how thou wilt blush,
O Lord how thou wilt shame,
When thou shalt vew my sailes alofte
and know they be the same?
Thou then wilt blame thy rashe
complaint (but all to late)
And say: Demophoon was to mée
a true and faithfull Mate.
Demophoon is retirde
that Southren blast abidde,
And cruell tempest, whilst vpon
the sowsing seas he stidde.
Ah, why in such post haste
did I this blame deuise?
I broken haue my plighted Yest,
which makes my heart agrise.

But

But (oh) go forward so
more rather than to mée
(Sweete Phyllis) greater griefe and care
should chaunce againe by thée.
What Gibbet (oh) is that
that thou dost manace so
Unto thy selfe, and froward fate
to worke thy waylfull woe:
The Gods that in this soyle doe dwell
are ouerbolde I trow.
I pray thee spare, and cause
no more defame to spring
From out our race: whose traitrous crime
tw lowde a Bell doth ring.
Ariadne may excuse
my Father since hir lotte
Was party cause shée was forlorne.
who me may iustly blotte:
Now selfe same windes my words
that did my sayles conuay:
I would returne with all my heart
but haue good cause to stay.

The Argument of the *replie to the fift Epistle* entituled *Paris to Oenone.*

THe lines that Oenon sent
When Paris had perusde,
And saw thereby she ment
That she was quite refusde,
Of him that had conuaide from Greece
Faire Helena that passing peece:

He wrote in this effect,
And flat at first gan tell,
That when he did reiect
The Nymph, he did not well:
But therewithall he layde the blame
On Cupid that procurde the same.

He makes hir open showe,
How stately was the stroke,
Of blinded Cupids bow,
And how he brought to yoke
Both man and God, and did not let
To say that Destnies so had set.

Epistle.

SO lawfull is thy plaint
(O Nymph) as I confesse,
My hand doth hunt for currant termes
my meaning to expresse.
It hunts and can not finde,
I feele my guilt so gret:
I would recant, but (oh) the same
my nouell loue doth let.
My conscience me condempnes
if thou not angrie bee
Therwith: but what? in cause I know
thou mayst not match with mee.
For mee whome thou dost blame,
Cupido to his raigne
Hath forst to yeelde: anothers pray
euen so I now remaine.
Thou were my wedlock first,
I graunt it true to bee
That I in greenish yeares my loue
and fayth bebight to thee.
Ne was I then so prowdoe
as in your Letters you
Obiected me: ne I my selfe
king Priams nowrie knew.

Deiphobus

Paris replie

Deiphobus not I
nor Hector thought to bée
My brothers when I fedde my flock
in Ida Mount with thée.
Not Hecuba I knewe
but by a mothers name:
And thou didst well deserue to had
hir aye to béene thy Dame.
But Loue from Reason swarues,
thy selfe shalt iudge the case:
For thou art wrongde, and hauing wrong
dost loue me naythelasse.
And whereas Panes thée,
and Satyrs did desire:
Thou shunste their loue, and ay in minde
dost kéepe thy former fire.
Beside, this latter loue
was furthred by the fate:
My sister eke Cassandra sawe
of future things the state;
Not I as then had heard
the brute of Helens name:
Ne to mine eares by hir report
the Grékish tumult came.
You sée that all is true,
my guilt doth sole remaine:
And to request your pardon I
in humble wise am faine.

Within

Within thy powre doth reast
the dome of life and death:
Now binde me thine for euermore
by sauing of my breath.
Thou weptst (I minde it well)
and yet thou sangst withall:
And sayd, God shilde that no such euill
at any time befall.
No though his déedes deserue
and euery thing beside:
Yet Oenon I to worke his bane
will neuer be discride.
Oh pardon: selfesame loue
that forgde this frawde to thee,
Made me to thinke herein not halfe
so many feares to bée.
That God doth strike the stroke:
sometime into a Bull
Ye Ioue conuerts, into a Foule
sometime to coy his trull.
Not Helen now in earth
so passing goodly Dame
Had beene, (a wench by nature made
to set my breast in flame)
Had not the mightie Ioue
become a Swanne in sight:
That earst a golden shattering showre
on Danaes lappe did light.

Paris replie

A fayned Fowle sometime
in Ida Mount did soze:
Sometime amids Agenors neate
in soyme of Bull did roze.
Alcydes who would thinke
the valiaunt man to haue
ỹ sat at distaffe: Loue did make.
him twisten like a slaue.
Againe the man was sæne
in Ioles garment clad:
And she the hairie Lions case
vpon hir shoulders had.
And Oenon thou (I minde)
(I touche my selfe to nie)
The God Apollo scoyndste, and didst
to Paris minde aplie.
Not foz I him exceide,
but Cupid willde it tho
That in such soyt his subtill shafts
in Oenons bzest should go.
But comfoyt thou thy wzong,
in that thy riuall shée
A passing wench, and daughter bzaue
to Ioue is knowne to bæ.
But that she came of Ioue
it mooues me not a mite:
But (oh) hir face is passing faire,
tis it that wozkes the spite.

And (O) I wish that I
a skilleſſe Iudge had bin,
When to contende for beauties pryde
The Ladies did begin.
For then not Iunos eye
nor Pallas wrathfull breſt
Should hurt me oft for lyking of
the Ladie Venus beſt.
She Cupids flames deuides,
and frankly fire on thoſe
(By euen and odde, by quick and ſlow)
on whome she liſt beſtowes.
Yet neyther she hir ſelfe
thoſe weapons coulde auoyde:
The Bow she bare for other, hath
hir proper breſt annoyde.
For halting Vulcan grutcht
when he by fortune founde
The warlike God and hir in bedde,
and cauſed to reſounde
His wofull plaint before the Gods,
and Ioue that ſaw them bounde.
And mightie Mauors now
laments and lowres as faſt:
For she hath fled this ſoyle, and of
Anchiſes is imbraſt.
Nowe wholy she delightes
Anchiſes eye to leake:

Paris replie

To him alone she closely clings,
and giues the reast the gleake.
What wonder was that she
should haue the powre to ayde
Those egall flames of loue, whose fire
powre Paris hath assayde?
Whome Menelaus wrongde
doth loue, I fancide well
Not wrongde at all: beside she matcht
with one wrongde neare a dell.
And I perceyue it plaine
that for this rape their arre
Reuenger Grèekes with wreakfull ships
to bidde the Troians warre.
The goodnesse of the cause
(I nothing doubt) will bée
Allowde: to forcen Dukes to fight
hir features are we sée.
If mæ you not beleue,
beholde the chiefetaine Grèekes
In Armour: I must holde hir fast
whome they so sorely sèekes.
But if you stande in hope
by force to wrest my will,
Why sease your hearbes and Magike Verse:
where is thy wonted skill?
For in Apollos Arte
thou canst as much as she

That

That is the best the truest dreames
of Hecate thou dooste sée.
I well remember thou
hast set the Mone aback:
And stayde the starres, and dimde the day
with duske and clowdie black.
I fed the frowning Bulles,
and maruelde much to sée
Amid the Yeirde by Oenones charmes
the Lions tame to bée.
Of Xanthus what should I,
or Simoys now report?
Or tell how both those streames were stayde
by thée in monstrous sort?
Thy Sire himselfe in feare
his daughter farde amisse,
Amid his waters all bewichte
would often stay ywisse.
Now (Oenone) here is place,
doe what thou canst by skill:
Or quench thy flames, or cleane put out
my brand that blazeth still.

FINIS.

fol: 50 51
19

¶ The Translator to the captious sort of Sycophantes.

THe Ploughman hopes in recompence of toyle,
And winters trauaile past, to reape the graine
That he (goodman) hath sowen on his soyle,
With great encrease of crop and goodly gaine:
And reason good why so he should in deede,
For he thereon long earst bestowde his seede.

The fearefull Fisherman that castes his Nette
In hauen mouth, and layes his baytcd hookes,
Doth trust at length by happie hap to get
Such store of fishe as may suffice the Cookes
And Caters eke, and bring him in the mucke
That ventred like in hope of happie lucke.

If Ploughman then and Fisher gape for gaines
And hope assuredly to haue the same,
To quite their troublous toyles and daily paines
Endurde ere they could bring their feates to frame:
Why should not such as climbe the craggie Mount
Where Muses wonne, of earned hyre account:

And looke for lawde at least at learned handes,
That knowes the cares of vndertaken workes,
And wote full well how hie Pernasus standes
With stately steps, where Poets Lawrell lurkes:
A haughtie hill that euery wight must clime
Ere he attaine with Poets pen to rime.

For though the thing but slender be in sighe
And vaine to vewe of curious carping skull.

The Translator

In mother tongue a forraine speach to write:
Yet he shall finde he hath a Crow to pull.
That vndertakes with well agreeing File
Of English verse to rub the Romaine stile.

Diuises of the language diuers are,
well couched wordes, and feately forged phrase,
Eche string in tune, no ragged ryme doth iarre,
with figures fraught their bookes in euery place:
So that it is a worke of prayse to cause
A Romaine borne to speake with English iawes.

Which laude I leaue, and praise to painefull men
That haue with nightly sweate of busie browe
Set out their works of fame with forward pen
For this my Muse I would account ynows
To scape the spitefull Foyles chiding chappes,
That like (a Curre) eche willing writer snappes.

So I might go vntoucht of Momus traine,
And neuer feele the force of enuious hate,
Sufficed me, well quited were my paine,
I might be thought a man of luckie fate.
But oh, it can not be, the best of all
(That Homer hight) to nipping nayles was thrall.

But let those Snakes, and beastly Vipers broode
(I meane the spitefull Spider, Momus mate)
When they haue done, recount their gotten good,
They gaine ywis but scorne and lothsome hate:
Wherefore depart the racke thou Curre (I say)
And let the luskie Courser champe the hay.

If thou thy selfe for lumpish ydle life
No leysure hast to take in hande the like.

But

to the captious reader.

But keepste thy Cowch: put vp that cankred knife
Wherewith thou wonted art the good to strike:
Let other preſſe in place to purchaſe fame,
For vertues ſake that worke to win a name.

Deſcerne their deedes when all their toyle is donne,
Say thou thy worſt when they haue done their beſt:
Condemne them not or ere thou haſt begonne
To vewe their workes, but ouerreade the reſt:
That done, let eche ſuſtaine his earned meede,
This were the way to purchaſe loue in deede.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London
by Henry Denham,
dwelling in Pater-
noſter Rovve, at
the ſigne of the
Starre.

Anno Domini
1569.

Cum Priuilegio.